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## BOAC cancels orders for four jumbos

By JOHN O'CALLAGHAN

BOAC has cancelled its options on four Boeing 747 Jumbo jets due for delivery in 1973 because of the slump in profits.

This is the major feature of a belt-tightening operation by the corporation to counter the present surplus-seats crisis which is expected to get worse before it gets better.

It also makes the prognosis for Concorde a little more gloomy. Last details are being put into the contract to buy the first of eight Concorde—at £12 millions apiece—on order. But if the crisis drags on to 1974, the fares may be unacceptable for the time-saving bought. The whole costing basis for Concorde may then turn out to be wrong.

The corporation is determined to force through cheap-fare schemes at next week's international tariff conference so that it can offer charter operators more competition.

Writing in this week's "BOAC News", the corporation's chairman, Mr Keith Granville, says that the current internal economy inquiry "has to be extended into a searching critical and self-critical examination of each department and division to ensure that all achieve the utmost economy."

"Flight" magazine points out some statistics behind the crisis, which has hit BOAC much later than many of its competitors. These include a growth in capacity on the north Atlantic of 9.2 per cent in the first three months of this year compared with an increase in passengers of only 3 per cent.

BOAC lost 10 per cent of its 75 Europe passengers in March, but escaped lightly. Air France lost 56.4 per cent.

In reducing its Jumbo commitment BOAC is resigning its place in the queue for further 747 deliveries beyond the 12 already ordered. Six have already arrived and the next six will be added to the BOAC fleet of 52 aircraft between the autumn and April 1973.

Talks will be opened with Boeing, which has slowed down 747 production in face of world aviation over-supply, to see if the option terms can be altered. The airline will almost certainly need one of the four aircraft cancelled and will want to know if others may be available on an "off the shelf" basis by the time they are needed.

Slowing down the rate of BOAC expansion follows a board and management study of likely developments up to 1975. This preview forecast shows that BOAC will not overcome in this one year all the present problems afflicting the industry—the depressed passenger and cargo market in Britain (BOAC's biggest revenue source) and elsewhere, competitors' over-capacity, soaring cost inflation, and the activities of the charter carriers," Mr Granville says.

Some of the effects of the recession are that the corporation's trading account will continue to be hard pressed, in spite of increases in revenue, and there may be only enough funds to meet fixed interest payments "let alone dividends or to finance investment." Already in the first two months of this financial year BOAC has fallen short of its £23 millions target by £2.4 millions.

These figures will provide the BOAC team at next week's far-flung meeting of the International Air Transport Association in Montreal with an incentive to press plans for reduced fares schemes. The "Earlybird" advance booking fares are a kind of technique that BOAC would like to extend with the aim of providing a 575 return fare over the Atlantic "for much of the year."

"Our team," says Mr Granville, "will go to the fares conference in a very determined frame of mind. We are in no mood to take No for an answer."

But BOAC could suffer less severely than many airlines—particularly its American rivals. While many made bad losses all through last year, BOAC began to feel the pinch only at the start of this year. Last week, according to Mr Granville, BOAC sold 90 per cent of its seats on the New York—London route—comfortably profitable. Although the actual figure is a trade secret, the Corporation claims that load factors for the 747s are picking up towards the 40 per cent-plus needed to break even.

Charter operators, including the inclusive holiday trade, have become a major headache to BOAC, although Mr Granville sees signs that charter firms in America are not now making profits. They combine with factors, including the sudden increase in seats—the 747 carries 350—to ensure that at the end of last year only 47 per cent of scheduled airline seats were filled.

The growth of British charter and affinity group travel compared with scheduled services is shown by these passenger figures:

	1969	1970
All British services	13,229,269	13,973,578
Services operated by British Airways	6,653,583	6,640,170
Affinity groups		640,170

for local magistrates, who have organised a rota system of special sittings for the pop festival.

As thousands arrived in the evening, the Thames Valley police set up a £17,000 operation, involving 557 men.

They are patrolling the area with guard dogs and at Reading Technical College they have installed a laboratory to test drug samples, so that evidence can be presented to the magistrates soon after arrests have been made.

The group decided to stop until he went to lunch and started playing again when a car was seen to leave, but this was premature, for the judge in the car was Mr Justice Mals, who was hearing a case in another courtroom.

Mr Justice Milmo then sent out a third message through a police inspector: "This noise must be stopped at once or the people causing it will appear before me." When he finally rose at 1.30 p.m. there were only 20 minutes left for the pop session.

The group's leader, Grant Clifton, said: "Hundreds of people came to hear us, but the session was ruined. We turned the loudspeakers away from the courts, but the wind watered down our noise."

Three youths and a girl were fined a total of £50 in the town yesterday for having drugs. It was the first session



Mr Julius Weitzner, a London dealer, leaving Christie's with his daughter, Marjorie yesterday after buying Titian's "The Death of Actaeon" for £1,680,000. "It's not for me, it's for my daughter," he said. Report, page 5. Leader comment, page 10

## Malta seeks new pact with Britain

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC STAFF

Proposals for the revision of the defence and financial agreements between Malta and Britain have been received by the British Government from Mr Dom Mintoff, the island's new Prime Minister. This was announced last night in a joint statement from the Governments — made "to remove any misunderstanding."

The statement added that contacts have started: the British High Commissioner, Sir Duncan Watso.

will be returning to London next week for consultations. Before the election Mr Mintoff had said that he would ask Britain to pay more for using the island's base facilities.

Both Governments are obviously concerned about the amount of rumour and speculation surrounding the new Maltese Government and its intentions. In Brussels, the NATO Secretary-General, Manlio Brosio, yesterday called for an urgent meeting to discuss reports that the organisation's naval commander in Southern Europe, Admiral Gino Birindelli, had been expelled from Malta.

NATO headquarters in Valletta were still maintaining last night that reports of the admiral's expulsion from the island were untrue. Commander Howard, chief of public information, said that Admiral Birindelli left for Rome on a private visit three weeks ago.

He added: "No communications have occurred with the Maltese Government, either directly or indirectly, officially or unofficially, before the admiral's departure and as far as we are concerned Admiral Birindelli is still commander of naval forces south."

Report from Italy, however, indicated that the reports that the admiral had been asked to leave Malta, were true. The admiral has been summoned to Nato headquarters in Naples.

Since his arrival in Malta, the admiral has been considered perhaps undiplomatically outspoken about his plans with Signor Colombo and Signor Moro, Italy's Prime Minister and Foreign Minister.

Leader comment, page 10. Dom's daring dynamite, page 11

**Poly for Wales**  
Glamorgan polytechnic—the first Welsh polytechnic—was designated at Treforest, Pontypridd yesterday by Mr William van Straubenzee, Under-Secretary for Education and Science.

**Milked**  
THE RECENTLY announced increase of 1p a pint in the price of milk will come into effect on Sunday, July 4. Homogenised milk will cost up to 6p a pint, and pasteurised up to 5p.

**Boyd Orr dies**  
LORD BOYD ORR, nutrition expert and Nobel prizewinner, has died at his home at Newton of Strathcathie, near Edzell, Forfarshire, aged 91. Obituary, page 5.

**Untolled visit**  
THE BELLS of York Minster have been silenced and the South-west tower shored up after a safety check on the foundations—five days before a visit by the Queen. A £2 millions restoration scheme is in progress.

**Rounds theft**  
POLICE TOURED a Bristol housing estate with loudhailers searching for more than 1,000 rounds of industrial cartridges stolen from a building site. A boy aged 15 may lose an eye after one of the brass cartridges exploded in his face.

## A warm welcome for Springboks

Perth, June 25

Rugby enthusiasts and anti-apartheid demonstrators clashed at Perth Airport today as the South African Rugby Union team arrived for their controversial tour of Australia.

Several of the demonstrators' banners were torn and thrown aside by tour supporters and eggs were thrown at some of the demonstrators.

Cheering and applauding supporters easily outnumbered a group of about a hundred demonstrators who carried banners saying "Respect All Men," "Would Jesus play with Springboks?" and "Support Freedom Boycott."

The Australian Prime Minister, Mr William McMahon, said in Canberra earlier that a Royal Australian Air Force plane would be used to fly the all-white South African team from Perth to Adelaide on Monday, if it became necessary to circumvent a threatened trade union boycott on civil airline companies.

The Labour Opposition Leader, Gough Whitlam, denounced the Government's offer as "the most damaging thing an Australian Government has ever done to Australia in the world at large."

Mr Whitlam said in a nationwide television interview on Friday night: "Every country in our region will be convinced that the McMahon Government shows South Africa's racial policy."

Police threw a tight security ring round Perth's International Airport, and authorities ordered a full-scale "bomb alert" as soon as the blue-nosed South African Airline Boeing 707 landed.

The entire area surrounding the plane and the entrance to the Customs enclosure was sealed off, although there was no suggestion that any bomb was aboard the aircraft. An airport official commented: "Since the rash of hijackings and bomb scares began we have devised a full-scale emergency procedure, and we put into effect."

The demonstrators were kept well out of range of the visitors as they disembarked.

Supporters drowned out shouted slogans from the demonstrators with chants of "We want rugby."

While going through Customs, the 25-strong touring party, 25 players and two officials — stood quietly, seemingly untroubled by the disturbances in the adjoining main terminal building. — Reuter.

**Mother may give up fight for baby**

By our own Reporter

Mrs Linda Desramault said yesterday that she might soon have seriously to consider giving up her fight to get back her baby daughter, Caroline, from her French husband.

She said at her home in Newcastle upon Tyne that she had to consider her daughter's welfare before everything else. "I must take into account the fact that Caroline has now been in France for as long as she was in England," she said.

Caroline, who is now aged 10 months, has been hidden from French police by her father, Mr René Desramault, for the past six weeks. Mr Desramault should have returned the baby to her mother in May after a decision by a French divorce court judge giving custody of Caroline to each parent for three months consecutively until their divorce was made absolute. On Thursday, a French judge decided to defer his decision on Mr Desramault's appeal against this order for another two weeks.

Mrs Desramault said that if her husband were given full custody of Caroline in two weeks' time, the baby would be with him for at least another six months before the divorce action was completed, and his custody was either confirmed or revoked.

"The longer she is in France, the more likely it is that the courts will decide to let René keep her. If he is given custody in two weeks' time, and the alternate custody decision is set aside, I will have to consider very seriously whether I should go on fighting for Caroline."

Water from the river Ouse was shut off to 30,000 homes in Huntingdonshire yesterday after complaints that tap water tasted of chemicals. The Nene and Ouse Water Board said:

"There is no danger to health but samples have been sent for analysis while the complaints are investigated by public health officials. Meanwhile, alternative supplies are being extracted from gravel pits."

**Yesterday's men**  
Listeners to BBC Radio 4 in canny feeling when they tuned in at 8.40 a.m. yesterday: the morning review of the papers sounded strangely familiar. Hundreds of listeners rang the BBC. Later, BBC Bristol admitted that the duty announcer had read the review of Thursday's papers by mistake. On the programmes, the announcer said: "I'm terrible sorry. There's been an awful mix-up."

**TV, radio: 2 & 3**  
Business 12.13 Overseas 2.3 Home... 5.7 Sport 12.17 Horner... 14 X-words 14.17

Classified—14

## BEA aircraft in near miss

BY OUR OWN REPORTER

A BEA Vanguard carrying 35 passengers was forced to take evasive action yesterday when a Pan American Boeing 707 approached it on collision course 7,000ft. over Bovingdon, Hertfordshire.

BEA has reported the incident to the Department of Trade and Industry. The Vanguard was approaching Heathrow Airport from Belfast when its pilot, Captain Edward Embury, reported that he had been forced to climb steeply to avoid the Boeing.

Pan American Airways said last night: "We understand that a Pan Am Boeing 707 was involved in an incident with a BEA aircraft this afternoon, but we do not know whether it was a full air miss or not."

Pan Am said the crew of the 707, a freighter flying from the United States, had made a report to air traffic control at Heathrow, but no details were available.

The Department of Trade and Industry, whose National Air Traffic Services handles complaints of near misses, said it could not confirm that an "air miss" had been reported by BEA. Its policy was to keep the complaints procedure private. The air miss working group of operations officials and pilots could investigate incidents, the department said. Its reports were not released. The department had no information on the number of suspected air misses reported to it this year.

**Judge blows top over pop**

A pop group upset an assize judge at Reading yesterday. Mr Justice Milmo interrupted proceedings at the Berkshire Assizes in the Shire Hall three times to send out an order to the five-man group, which was playing in Forbury Gardens, 50 yards away to stop the noise.

The group, Grant's Tomb, was booked for a 23-hour lunchtime session at an open-air beer festival sponsored by Courage. It tried a quieter number after the judge's first complaint, but it was still too loud for Mr Justice Milmo, who was summing up in a driving case.

The group decided to stop until he went to lunch and started playing again when a car was seen to leave, but this was premature, for the judge in the car was Mr Justice Mals, who was hearing a case in another courtroom.

Mr Justice Milmo then sent out a third message through a police inspector: "This noise must be stopped at once or the people causing it will appear before me." When he finally rose at 1.30 p.m. there were only 20 minutes left for the pop session.

The group's leader, Grant Clifton, said: "Hundreds of people came to hear us, but the session was ruined. We turned the loudspeakers away from the courts, but the wind watered down our noise."

Three youths and a girl were fined a total of £50 in the town yesterday for having drugs. It was the first session

## Slogans in Harley St

Slogans saying "Keep gay and happy" were found painted in bright red and blue on Harley Street doctors' doors yesterday morning. They were quickly removed.

Members of the Gay Liberation Front handed out leaflets at lunchtime to doctors, demanding that homosexuality should be accepted by them, instead of treated as an illness.

## Methodists expel minister

By BADEN HICKMAN, Churches Correspondent

The Methodist Conference has expelled a minister because parts of a book he has written are held to be inconsistent with Methodist doctrine.

He is the Rev. Raymond Billington, aged 41, whose paperback "The Christian Outlook" was published earlier this year. The "charge" against him was heard during a private ministerial session at this year's conference at Harrogate.

Mr Billington, a former team member of the ecumenical parish experiment at Woolwich, is now senior lecturer in humanities at Bristol Polytechnic.

The book, semi-autobiographical, runs to about 60,000 words. It was published by Epworth Press, the Methodist Church's own publishing house.

A publisher's note says the company "is happy to publish what follows as a vivid contribution to the debate about the future of the Christian presence" in human society. It by no means "endorses all the author's opinions."

From his home in Bristol, Mr Billington said: "This has hardly come as a surprise. I am sorry about it, but I am not depressed."

"I have said in public that I am an atheist, but a more accurate word would be 'nontheist.' I believe that there are certain values within all of us which are certainly there, but which cannot be measured. They are metaphysical, and have to be discussed and thought about in a metaphysical way."

"The word 'god' has never been used in a service I have conducted over the past three years, and yet I gather I am more in demand to conduct services in this area than the regular circuit preachers."

"Since my book was published, I have had literally hundreds of letters, of which dozens have been obscene. Yet at the meeting which expelled me, some of my supporters were literally in tears. I was asked if I would resign quietly, but I thought this was the better way to go."

Expulsions of this kind are rare in the Church. They are never published, and indicted ministers are always reminded of their ordination vow "to go quietly." Yesterday Church officials would not comment.

A hint of disciplinary charges came as conference delegates gathered at the Royal Hall, Harrogate, for the opening session.

An unofficial conference news-sheet, published by a group of ordinands, carried this paragraph: "By the way, what would have happened if the Rev Martin Luther had promised to leave the Church quietly?"

Some of the ordinands, who are to be made ministers on Tuesday, attended the private session. They too, however, remained silent afterwards.

In 1964 the Rev Walter Gill, then in charge of three Methodist churches at West Hartlepool, was expelled on a charge of heresy. He denied the virgin birth as an historical fact.

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## OVERSEAS NEWS

# Brandt says time is ripe for talks between Germanies

From NORMAN CROSSLAND: Bonn, June 25

The West German Chancellor, Herr Brandt, said today it was time that the Governments of the two German States started talking to each other about putting their relationship on a more normal footing.

He implied that the departure of the East German Communist leader, Herr Ulbricht, from a position of real power, and his replacement by Herr Honecker, might make such talks easier.

## An 'objective' Sadruddin

From our Correspondent: Geneva, June 25

Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, today defended his "objectivity" in the East Pakistan disaster in a rare, personal, manner for an international civil servant.

"There has been some confusion about my nationality," he said to a press conference at the Palais des Nations. "I am Indian. I have roots in both India and Pakistan. In fact, my personal and community (Islamic) interests are larger in India."

"I have an understanding and contacts with that part of the world... with the whole sub-continent, in fact. I have knowledge of the history and the complexities of this part of the world."

"This I consider an asset not a liability. I am not pro-Pakistan, I am not pro-India. I am pro-refugee. I have a deep attachment to both countries and this should help to reach a solution."

The reason for the press conference was to report on his United States trip to see the UN Secretary-General, U Thant, and the US Secretary of State, Mr. Rogers, but he was clearly seeking to soothe the world's press.

To the question "Do you think you are biased?" he replied: "We have dealt in the past with refugee problems. Our objectivity has been closely scrutinised by Governments to which refugees have fled and by those from whence they came."

## Call to free journalists

The Commonwealth Press Union yesterday criticised the Singapore Government for its treatment of newspapers and journalists.

A resolution passed by the union's annual conference in London urged Singapore to release or bring immediately to trial four staff members of the Chinese language daily who, said the union, have been detained and imprisoned without trial since May 2.

The resolution says that the conference viewed with disquiet the Government's recent actions in curtailing press freedom.

## Skipper fined

Valentine Naveos (45), the skipper of the French sloop "Arande," was fined £120 at the Old Bailey Court yesterday after he had admitted using nets with mesh smaller than that permitted. His nets were confiscated.

## TELEVISION

ANTHONY GREY, Peking-prisoner, turns his "One Pair of Eyes" onto thoughts of freedom, culling his solitary experience and discussing with Arthur Koestler et al ("One Man's Freedom," BBC2, 9.55). Elsewhere, "Aquarius" leads with Adam "Budgie" Faith in more abrasive mood than when he faced-to-face John Freeman all those years ago (flashbacks available), plus Sandy Wilson and Chinese ceramics (ITV London at 10.15). Later, Antonia Byatt on George Eliot ("On Reflection," ITV, 11.15). If in doubt, repeat Frankie Howerd ("Up Pompeii," BBC1, 9.55).

### BBC-1

1.10 p.m. Weather.  
1.15 Grandstand: Wimbledon Tennis: Irish Sweeps Derby.  
5.45 News.  
5.55 Grandstand: Part 2: Wimbledon Tennis.  
6.50 Saturday Western: "Drums Across the River," Audie Murphy, Lyle Bettger, Walter Brennan.  
8.00 Black and White Minstrel Show.  
8.50 Man Called Ironside.  
9.40 News.  
9.55 Frankie Howerd: Up Pompeii.  
10.30 Michael Parkinson.  
11.15 Weather.

WALS (as BBC1 except) — 10.20-10.30 a.m. Cad. R. 6.50-7.15 p.m. Disc a Dawn. 7.15-

## Warning by Nigeria editor

Ayo Adedun, editor of the Government-owned "Daily Sketch," appealed to Nigerians yesterday to support press freedom.

"The press must not compromise its freedom and neither must it allow itself to be sacrificed on the altar of power," he said at Ibadan. Mr Adedun was one of three senior journalists recently detained, and subsequently released, for undisclosed offences. — Reuters.

## Court-martial of Culver: date set

Captain Thomas Culver, aged 32, who is alleged to have joined in an anti-Vietnam protest outside the US Embassy on Whit Monday, is now expected to appear before a court-martial at the USAF base at Lakenheath, Suffolk, on July 8.

LONDON JOHNSON'S still unpublished White House memoirs acknowledge that his Administration was privately preparing in early 1964 for large-scale American military involvement in Vietnam, long before the depth of the United States commitment was known to the public.

The memoirs, to be published in November, support many of the findings of the classified Defence Department study of the war's origins, which the US Government has been fighting to keep secret. The former President's book, mostly complete and awaiting publication at the New York publishing house of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, is entitled "The Vantage Point: Perspectives of the Presidency."

The Long Island newspaper "Newsday" said today it had obtained information about the material from a publishing industry source.

Johnson depicts himself in the book as hesitant for several months over military advisers' recommendations for bombing raids against North Vietnam. In February of 1965, he writes, he told aides that he was approving the bombing.

"We have kept our gun over the mantel and our shells in the cupboard for a long time now," I said, "and what was the result? They are killing our men while they sleep in the night. I can't ask American soldiers out there to continue to fight with one hand tied behind their backs."

In the book, Johnson says that he decided to pursue President Kennedy's policy of defending South Vietnam's sovereignty while flying back to Washington only a few hours after Kennedy's assassination in November, 1963.

In the highlights of his chapters on Vietnam, portraying more than five years of growing US involvement, Johnson says:

● On March 17, 1964, he approved a recommendation by Defence Secretary McNamara that US forces should be prepared for a programme of graduated military pressure against the North.

● During the 1964 Presidential campaign, Robert Kennedy volunteered to go to South Vietnam as the US Ambassador.

● During the same campaign, all that he meant by his often-quoted statement that he would not send US troops "to do the fighting that Asian boys should do for themselves" was that America should not "take charge" of

"We have kept our gun over the mantel and our shells in the cupboard for a long time... and what was the result?..."

## LBJ feared a third world war

From Brian Donovan: New York, June 25

the war or provoke a conflict with China. "I did not mean that we were not going to do any fighting, for we had already lost many good men in Vietnam."

In September, 1964, Johnson approved a contingency plan for bombing, recommended by the military, to be effected if Communist forces made a "spectacular" attack in the South. But he then waited until February 7, 1965, to start bombing, twice rejecting advice from military advisers to begin earlier.

On February 17, 1965, Johnson met with former President Eisenhower and was urged to mount a "campaign of pressure" against the North. About three weeks after the first major battle involving American ground troops in a campaign in June, 1965, Johnson authorised a 23,000-man increase in the US Vietnam force to 75,000. He writes, "I was convinced that our retreat from this changing world would open the path to World War III."

At the Glassboro summit conference in New Jersey, Mr. Kossygin, the Russian Prime Minister, told Johnson that if the US stopped bombing, peace negotiations would start, but no mutually agreeable terms for pursuing that peace feeler could be reached.

Johnson prefaces his chronology of his Vietnam decisions by saying, "I have not written these chapters to say, 'This is how it was,' but to say, 'this is how I saw it from my vantage point.'"

In 1964, while taking the steps that led to an extensive US military effort in Vietnam, Johnson writes, "I had moments of deep discouragement, times when I felt that the South Vietnamese were their own worst enemies. The South Vietnamese seemed to have a strong impulse toward political suicide."

Johnson's portrait of his early policy-making stance coincides to a certain extent with the picture drawn in the secret Government study, indicating a

President considering plans for major military operations while hesitating, at several points to put those plans into effect. That picture becomes particularly clear in Johnson's account of the steps leading to the US bombing raids.

According to the study that has surfaced in newspapers in recent days, the President, in June, 1964, considered "the political (nominating) conventions just around the corner and election issues regarding Vietnam clearly drawn." So he held back, the study said, from seeking any major escalation and from seeking any congressional approval for it.

On September 9, 1964, Johnson received recommendations from the State and Defence Departments, he writes, supporting the bombing of the North. Johnson says that he ordered that contingency plans for such raids be prepared.

"Acting on (that) order, the military forces made plans to retaliate by air against the North if the North Vietnamese or Vietcong hit US forces or carried out some kind of spectacular attack in South Vietnam," he writes. "Twice before the year was out, I was asked to put those contingency plans into effect."

The first time, he writes, was after an attack on an air base at Bien Hoa, the second followed the bombing of an American officers' billet in Saigon. It was not until February of 1965, when an attack on a US base at Pleiku killed eight Americans, however, that the strikes were finally authorised, he writes.

Johnson's Vietnam chapters also touch on some of the diplomatic manoeuvres accompanying the escalation of the war. At one point, his account seems to confirm previously published reports that in February, 1967, Mr. Harold Wilson received a peace feeler from Hanoi through Mr. Kossygin. The Soviet leader, in London at the time, said that stopping the

bombing would lead to peace, Johnson writes.

Johnson responded with his own proposals, according to the book, and asked for an answer from Hanoi within 24 hours. Wilson then complained, Johnson writes, that 24 hours was not enough time. In the end, book says, there was no response from Hanoi. When Kossygin returned Moscow the US resumed bombing.

At the Glassboro conference in July 1967, Johnson writes, Kossygin proposed that a bombing halt would lead to peace negotiations. Johnson reiterated his insistence, he writes, that Hanoi must not take advantage of a bombing cessation. Kossygin relayed that position to Hanoi, Johnson writes, but the US never received an answer.

At one point in his account, Johnson writes that the concept of turning war over to the South Vietnamese was a major goal of his Administration. Somewhat pointedly, he writes that policy later was adopted by President Nixon and called "Vietnamisation."

At another point, the Johnson book says that two French intermediaries returned to Paris after a visit to Hanoi and told Henry Kissinger, then Harvard professor and now a Nixon foreign policy adviser, that Hanoi would begin talks if the bombing stopped. The intermediaries said that the halt need not be a permanent step, according to the book.

Johnson writes that the US refused to Hanoi a message that it would accept those terms if the North Vietnamese pledged not to take advantage of the move by infiltrating troops. He refused to give such a guarantee, Johnson writes.

Summing up his thoughts on Vietnam years, Johnson's narrative says, "Looking back as I left the Presidency, I knew not everything I had about Vietnam, every decision I made about it, had been correct." — Los Angeles Times-Washington Post.

## Judgment against Pope set aside

A JUDGE at Oakland, California, has set aside a judgment obtained against the Pope by a law student who failed to receive a St Bernard puppy he ordered three years ago from an Augustinian monastery in Switzerland.

Superior Court Judge John S. Cooper overruled a default judgment of \$143.50 obtained by William Sheffield against the Pope for damages he claims the Roman Catholic Church owes him for the failure to deliver the dog, for which he left a \$25 deposit.

Mr Sheffield, 31, a student at the University of California, earlier this month obtained a writ to attack "collections taken up for the Pope." The document was presented at the office of Archbishop Joseph McGucken of San Francisco.

Judge Cooper ruled that a writ served on the Archbishop as a local representative of the Roman Catholic Church had not in fact been served on the Pope.

Action by a higher court would be required before Mr Sheffield could recover his money, the judge found, though he upheld the writ.

The dog, for which Mr Sheffield left a \$25 deposit as well as agreeing to pay a further \$75 for the animal and shipping costs, never arrived in the United States. The deposit was never returned. — UPI.

## Adams was in Rhodesia last month

By PATRICK KEATLEY, Diplomatic Correspondent

Whitehall disclosed last night that Sir Philip Adams, now awaited in Salisbury, has already undertaken a mission in Rhodesia on behalf of the British Government.

Sir Philip, now seconded to the Cabinet Office from the Foreign Office, held talks in Salisbury, and returned to London without being recognised on the journey. It is believed his trip took place in the second half of May, so Lord Goodman on his mission of June 9-10 was carrying out a follow-up operation and not pioneering the way.

The question which worries MPs as further information comes tonight is how much more has been concealed, how far the two sides have gone in reaching outline agreement, and why the white Rhodesians should have begun leaking names and details.

### Curious role

The curious role of Sir Max Aitken, continuing with his arrival at London Airport yesterday after a visit to Rhodesia. He said that "things are moving nicely now, and they should be able to get an agreement."

Sir Max played a key role in the 1968 negotiations when he and Lord Goodman went to Salisbury as a team at the request of Mr Wilson. It has not been fully explained how it is that his present visit, described as a purely private initiative, should coincide with the mission by Sir Philip Adams.

Sir Max said Rhodesia seemed a shortage of hard exchange. He did not think that sanctions were biting.

## Battle of secrets and scruples

From RICHARD SCOTT: Washington, June 25

The publication today of the extracts in "Newsday" seems to raise the whole question concerning the right of a retired official to make public reference to the secret material to which he had access during his period of office.

There are rules governing this. But they have been subjected to very different interpretation by individuals in the past (as is the case in the United Kingdom). The former Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, according to James Reston, was so scrupulous that he lost many private letters containing official information.

Mr. McGee Bundy, White House adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, once possessed copies of his own memoranda included in the Pentagon Vietnam study.

The Johnson memoirs and the Pentagon study have raised questions about who has the right to classify or de-classify official documents. For instance it is still not known precisely who classified the documents in the Pentagon study.

The de-classification process seems even more arbitrary. Reston, for example, disclosed today that John Foster Dulles, when he was Secretary of State, took it on himself to de-classify the Yalta papers, some of the most secret of official documents, by giving Mr. Reston a copy of them.

Mr. Benn Bradlee, executive editor of the "Washington Post," has disclosed that when he was a "Newsweek" correspondent President Kennedy once read to him portions of a highly classified memorandum of himself and Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna in 1961.

Mr. Bradlee and other journalists have testified during the past 10 days that they have regularly been given access to

classified material by officials with a view to publication in some form or other. That indeed is the experience of almost any journalist the world over.

So people, and perhaps judges have been wondering what are the differences for instance between the publication of similar secret documents by Mr. Lyndon Baines Johnson, private citizen in the state of Texas, and the editors of the "New York Times." Has the Under Secretary or the press officer any greater right or competence than the editor to determine what the public should be told, and what should remain secret?

Neither, perhaps, is a wholly objective judge of the public interest. The official is prone to

secrecy. It makes life much easier. The editor has a natural preference for publication.

Yet there is no provision in the constitutional procedure of this country — or of any of those to mind — for an independent arbiter to decide between the official and press and objectively to determine wherein lies the public interest.

The past 10 days have suggested that recourse to courts is the correct answer. Nor would be the proper which the State Department reported to be considering. It is the appointment of a new council, composed of several departmental officials, who would determine what should be closed to the public.

## Two journals curbed

By our own Correspondent

Washington, June 25  
The Supreme Court today ordered the "New York Times" and the "Washington Post" not to publish documents in the secret Pentagon study on Vietnam which the Justice Department has designated as harmful to national security.

It is a temporary injunction pending a final ruling by the court, which has agreed to hear oral arguments tomorrow.

The situation this morning was that the lower court had authorised the "Post" to resume publication of the study after the Supreme Court ordered otherwise. As for the "New York Times" the courts had authorised it to resume publication tomorrow of only those documents which the Justice Department had not designated as being harmful to the national interest.

In the Government's appeal last night concerning "Post" the Solicitor-General Mr. Erwin Griswold, on equal treatment of the newspapers. He asked the court to subject the "Post" to the same limitations regarding documents that had been ordered by the New York Division of the Court of Appeals.

The Supreme Court did not feel that until it could take final decision binding on press as a whole it would inequitable to different treatment as between the newspapers.

The two newspapers are considering whether to test publication of the study under the restrictions imposed on them by the Supreme Court or whether to await the ruling which they consider believe will leave them free to publish all the documents.

## Today

10.40 Match of the Day: Wimbledon Tennis.  
11.25 News.  
11.30 Midnight Movie: "That Lady," with Olivia de Havilland, Gilbert Roland, Paul Scofield.

### ITV

11.15 a.m. RAC Road Report.  
11.20 Women are People: Marjorie Proops.  
11.45 Farmhouse Kitchen.  
12.15 p.m. Thunderbirds.  
1.10 News.  
1.15 World of Sport: Racing from Newmarket—1.30, 2.0, 2.30, 3.5, 5.55; Newcastle 1.45, 2.15, 2.55; 3.55; 5.55; 6.10 News; 6.15 Aquarius.  
1.10 Champions. 12.5 a.m. Reflection.

CHANNEL—1.10 p.m. News. 1.15 World of Sport. 1.15 Man from UNCLE. 6.10 News. 6.15 On the Buses. 6.45 Week-end Weather. 6.47 Film: "The Saboteur," with Marlon Brando, Yul Brunner. 9.0 Des O'Connor Show. 10.0 News. 10.10 Felony Squad. 10.40 Seven Men. 11.10 Dickie Henderson Show. 12.10 News. 12.15 World of Sport: Racing from Newmarket—1.30, 2.0, 2.30, 3.5, 5.55; Newcastle 1.45, 2.15, 2.55; 3.55; 5.55; 6.10 News; 6.15 Aquarius. 1.10 Champions. 12.5 a.m. Reflection.

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### ANGLIA

12.40 p.m. All Our Yesterdays. 1.10 News. 1.15 World of Sport. 1.15 Man from UNCLE. 6.10 News. 6.15 On the Buses. 6.45 Week-end Weather. 6.47 Film: "The Saboteur," with Marlon Brando, Yul Brunner. 9.0 Des O'Connor Show. 10.0 News. 10.10 Felony Squad. 10.40 Seven Men. 11.10 Dickie Henderson Show. 12.10 News. 12.15 World of Sport: Racing from Newmarket—1.30, 2.0, 2.30, 3.5, 5.55; Newcastle 1.45, 2.15, 2.55; 3.55; 5.55; 6.10 News; 6.15 Aquarius. 1.10 Champions. 12.5 a.m. Reflection.

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### Love American Style

11.40 Weather: It's All Yours.  
WEST & WALES (HTV)—12.35 p.m. Plupp. 12.35 Tinker-tailor. 1.15 Tomorrow's Horoscope. 1.15 News. 1.15 World of Sport. 1.15 Bonanza. 6.10 News. 6.15 Film: "The Greening Summer," with Kenneth More, Susan York. 8.0 On the Buses. 8.30 Sky's the Limit. 9.0 Des O'Connor Show. 10.0 News. 10.10 Comedians. 10.40 Name of the Game. 12.5 a.m. Cinema. 12.35 Weather, Close.

HTV CYMRU/WALES—10 p.m. Magpie. 5.40-10 Sky's the Limit. 8.30-9.0 Sion a Sian. 12.35 News, Close.

WESTWARD—12.15 p.m. All Our Yesterdays. 1.15 World of Sport. 1.15 Man from UNCLE. 6.10 News. 6.15 On the Buses. 6.45 Film: "The Saboteur," with Marlon Brando, Yul Brunner. 9.0 Des O'Connor Show. 10.0 News. 10.10 Felony Squad. 10.40 Seven Men. 11.10 Dickie Henderson Show. 12.10 News. 12.15 World of Sport: Racing from Newmarket—1.30, 2.0, 2.30, 3.5, 5.55; Newcastle 1.45, 2.15, 2.55; 3.55; 5.55; 6.10 News; 6.15 Aquarius. 1.10 Champions. 12.5 a.m. Reflection.

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## RADIO

### RADIO 4 330 m.; VHF

6.25 a.m. News. 9.5 Master Works: Concert. Mozart, Wolf. Mendelssohn, Brahms, Schubert. 11.15 Secor. 12.15 p.m. News. 1.15 p.m. Concert: part 1: Weber. Chopin. 1.0 News. 1.5 Interval. 1.55 Concert: part 2: Beethoven. 2.45 Haydn. 3.19 Firebird Suite. 3.42 Jazz. 4.0 Britten. 4.30 Week Ahead. 4.55 Jazz Record. 5.25 Queen of Spades. 6.30 News. 6.45 Queen of Spades. 7.30 News. 7.35 Personal View. 7.50 Queen of Spades. 8.25 News. 8.35 James Joyce. 8.45 News. 8.55 Mathematics. 9.0 News. 9.10 Queen of Spades. 9.15 News. 9.25 Personal View. 9.35 News. 9.45 News. 9.55 News. 10.0 News. 10.10 Queen of Spades. 10.15 News. 10.25 Personal View. 10.35 News. 10.45 News. 10.55 News. 11.0 News. 11.10 Queen of Spades. 11.15 News. 11.25 Personal View. 11.35 News. 11.45 News. 11.55 News. 12.0 News. 12.10 Queen of Spades. 12.15 News. 12.25 Personal View. 12.35 News. 12.45 News. 12.55 News. 1.0 News. 1.10 Queen of Spades. 1.15 News. 1.25 Personal View. 1.35 News. 1.45 News. 1.55 News. 2.0 News. 2.10 Queen of Spades. 2.15 News. 2.25 Personal View. 2.35 News. 2.45 News. 2.55 News. 3.0 News. 3.10 Queen of Spades. 3.15 News. 3.25 Personal View. 3.35 News. 3.45 News. 3.55 News. 4.0 News. 4.10 Queen of Spades. 4.15 News. 4.25 Personal View. 4.35 News. 4.45 News. 4.55 News. 5.0 News. 5.10 Queen of Spades. 5.15 News. 5.25 Personal View. 5.35 News. 5.45 News. 5.55 News. 6.0 News. 6.10 Queen of Spades. 6.15 News. 6.25 Personal View. 6.35 News. 6.45 News. 6.55 News. 7.0 News. 7.10 Queen of Spades. 7.15 News. 7.25 Personal View. 7.35 News. 7.45 News. 7.55 News. 8.0 News. 8.10 Queen of Spades. 8.15 News. 8.25 Personal View. 8.35 News. 8.45 News. 8.55 News. 9.0 News. 9.10 Queen of Spades. 9.15 News. 9.25 Personal View. 9.35 News. 9.45 News. 9.55 News. 10.0 News. 10.10 Queen of Spades. 10.15 News. 10.25 Personal View. 10.35 News. 10.45 News. 10.55 News. 11.0 News. 11.10 Queen of Spades. 11.15 News. 11.25 Personal View. 11.35 News. 11.45 News. 11.55 News. 12.0 News. 12.10 Queen of Spades. 12.15 News. 12.25 Personal View. 12.35 News. 12.45 News. 12.55 News. 1.0 News. 1.10 Queen of Spades. 1.15 News. 1.25 Personal View. 1.35 News. 1.45 News. 1.55 News. 2.0 News. 2.10 Queen of Spades. 2.15 News. 2.25 Personal View. 2.35 News. 2.45 News. 2.55 News. 3.0 News. 3.10 Queen of Spades. 3.15 News. 3.25 Personal View. 3.35 News. 3.45 News. 3.55 News. 4.0 News. 4.10 Queen of Spades. 4.15 News. 4.25 Personal View. 4.35 News. 4.45 News. 4.55 News. 5.0 News. 5.10 Queen of Spades. 5.15 News. 5.25 Personal View. 5.35 News. 5.45 News. 5.55 News. 6.0 News. 6.10 Queen of Spades. 6.15 News. 6.25 Personal View. 6.35 News. 6.45 News. 6.55 News. 7.0 News. 7.10 Queen of Spades. 7.15 News. 7.25 Personal View. 7.35 News. 7.45 News. 7.55 News. 8.0 News. 8.10 Queen of Spades. 8.15 News. 8.25 Personal View. 8.35 News. 8.45 News. 8.55 News. 9.0 News. 9.10 Queen of Spades. 9.15 News. 9.25 Personal View. 9.35 News. 9.45 News. 9.55 News. 10.0 News. 10.10 Queen of Spades. 10.15 News. 10.25 Personal View. 10.35 News. 10.45 News. 10.55 News. 11.0 News. 11.10 Queen of Spades. 11.15 News. 11.25 Personal View. 11.35 News. 11.45 News. 11.55 News. 12.0 News. 12.10 Queen of Spades. 12.15 News. 12.25 Personal View. 12.35 News. 12.45 News. 12.55 News. 1.0 News. 1.10 Queen of Spades. 1.15 News. 1.25 Personal View. 1.35 News. 1.45 News. 1.55 News



...and the







## Architects who frighten people

# Architects who frighten people

At the moment, old buildings were being ruthlessly knocked down in cities such as Bristol, Leicester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, said Mr Andy Macmillan. "Action of this nature is an indication of the fact that the work of an engineer, but it isn't worthy of an architect. Unlike trees, which can, over a period of time, grow back to their full stature, a building pulled down is gone for ever. We must make people aware of the

## Manchester University results

**THIRD CLASS.**—Thompson, Nina.  
 Jamshid: James. Ebert P.  
 P. J.: Moss, Keith. Division III: Jaberi.

By our Art Sales Correspondent

A high-contrast, black and white photograph showing a person in a dark, wooded environment. The person is positioned on the left side of the frame, facing right, and appears to be holding a long, thin object, possibly a spear or a staff, which extends towards the center. The background is filled with dense foliage and trees, creating a dark and textured scene. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the person's clothing and the object they are holding, contrasting sharply with the deep shadows of the forest.

**Above: Titian's Death of Actaeon. Below: Van Dyck's study of four Negro heads**

## RSPCA admits 'hospital' campaign is misleading

## Cabinet's 'good

Student  
teacher  
suing

her boy friend, Ian Fraser, had been living with her in the room since Christmas.

## Cabinet's 'good example'

the school's three cats and a portion of fish for himself.

# Chips on Friday

In addition to the pupils' order, Mr Smithies also collects a bundle of fish bits for

struction, Mr. Amery, rejects a demand that local authorities should let council tenants buy their houses "in those cases where negotiations have been started before the recent elections changed the political character of some local authorities."

here he was permanently impressed by the connection between disease, malnutrition, and poverty.

son is to be asked in the Commons on Monday to read 24 paperback books published by Sexa Limited to the Director of Public Prosecution Sir Gerald Nabarro (Con, Worcestershire S) want action in the on the book

recruit in Training." The health of the military and the food shortages of civilians greatly stimulated the study of nutrition.

## Lord Boyd Orr—nutrition pioneer

He returned to the university, graduating further in both science and medicine. He was

After the war, Boyd Orr conducted the original research for

production of adequate quantities of fresh vegetables, fruit, and milk would improve health and revive agriculture, increasing the capacity for creative work and industrial pro-

... Scottish democracy, and shrewd  
... sense, he could get on with  
... most people, from American  
... bunkers to Mao tse Tung, but  
... he had his difficulties with

English civil servants. He was a magnificent product of an emphatically Scottish tradition which he owed both his triumphs and his frustrations.







Out of  
luck  
fishing  
limits

# £132M to renovate old primary schools within three years

By RICHARD BOURNE, Education Correspondent

Mrs Thatcher, the Secretary for Education, yesterday announced a £132 millions three-year programme starting in 1973-4, to renovate Victorian primary schools. She told the conference of the Association of Education Committees in Eastbourne yesterday that the fresh funds for this programme—more than was being spent on raising the school-leaving age—were “the other side of the equation” to the economies in school meals and milk. (Later, however, she admitted that savings on school meals were now quite “artificial”.)

The £132 millions is for England only, and the average of £44 millions a year is a slight increase on the allocation of £40 millions for 1972-3. Mrs Thatcher has forecast that the back of the problem will be broken by 1977-8, and she said yesterday that the problem of old secondary schools should be tackled then.

Mrs Thatcher claimed that the raising of the school-leaving age, to which she is “unshakeably committed,” is the “biggest single educational reform of the decade.” She quoted from a speech by the then Mr Butler in 1944 to support her belief that a leaving age of 16 had

been a national objective for 27 years. “We are all agreed that the (education) Bill is drafted to envisage an educational system which will enable children to remain at school until they are 16,” he had said.

She thought that the new leaving age would promote a considerable increase in passes at the CSE, but was worried that not enough was being done to equip school buildings to serve the interests of all 15-year-olds. “Many 15-year-olds need to see that their future work will help in their future lives. Work that is now being

and employment problems, on contemporary technology, and on the uses and misuses of scientific knowledge, seems relevant here,” she said.

She admitted that there was a “real danger” that disillusioned 15-year-olds might disrupt school work, and added that teachers “will need a great deal of support from local education authorities, especially in the transitional period.” But the problem should be treated earlier than at 15.

“If children in their early years at secondary school had themselves being neglected, pushed on one side, given less esteem than their contemporaries, they may feel that it is school which is rejecting them, rather than the other way round,” she said. The draft of a circular on slow learners was on its way to local authority associations, and this would deal with the help that could be offered by staffing policy such as changes in teaching methods, curriculum, and school organisation.

She claimed that if Britain joined the EEC there would be “nothing to fear and much to hope for” in education. There would be greater and more fruitful interchanges of European youth, and European studies would be stimulated in higher education. “This would mean our young people travelling more, learning more about the lives and languages of their European friends, and learning greater appreciation for a wider European cultural heritage,” she said.

Mrs Thatcher also said that she had approved £278,000 for research over six years into the educational needs of handicapped children, and that she had asked Professor Jack Tizard’s advisory committee to make recommendations to her on the acute reading difficulty described as dyslexia.

Leader comment, page 10

## ‘No real saving’ by meal increase

By our Education Correspondent

In spite of the increase in school meal prices from 9p to 12p in April, the Government subsidy remained as big as ever, Mrs Thatcher, the Secretary for Education, admitted yesterday. This was because of a sharp rise in the real price of the meals.

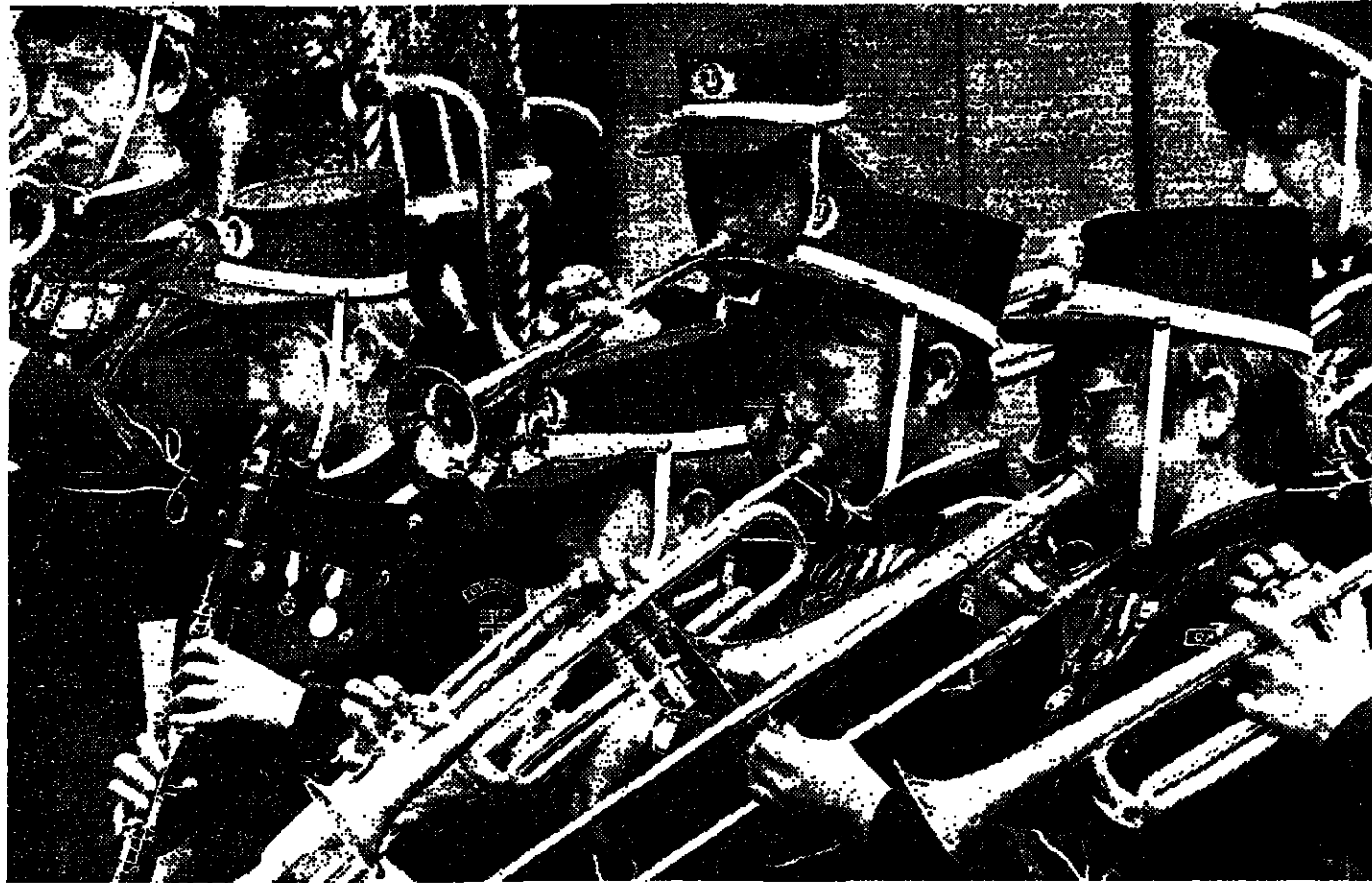
Speaking to reporters at the Association of Education Committees’ conference she conceded that Government savings at Eastbourne were now “artificial.”

Mr Barber, the Chancellor, had hoped to save £20 millions in the first year, and thereafter £25 millions a year, but it now appears that, while Government expenditure will not actually increase, it will not fall either. Mrs Thatcher has told the Commons that increase on meal price would make possible enormous increases in the improvement programmes for primary schools.

The real price of a school meal—due to food cost increases and the higher unit cost resulting from falling demand—has gone up since the White Paper from 14p to 17p, leaving a continuing public subsidy of 5p. The Exchequer cost in a full year remains more than £70 millions.

Mrs Thatcher said the Government was still aiming to get the consumer eventually to pay for the full cost of a meal. But, in view of the existing trend, she personally had “grave doubts whether we shall ever reach the 100 per cent consumer payment.”

On school milk, she told reporters that her Milk Bill would not affect the power under the 1963 Local Government Act by which some non-education authorities might continue to provide free milk for the over-sevens.



The Oppsal school boys band from a suburb of Oslo rehearsing at the Festival Gardens, Battersea, for a concert today. The 100-strong band was founded by parents. (Picture by Frank Martin)

## £15,000 for the study of students

The Open University has been awarded a grant of £15,000 by the Social Science Research Council for a five-year research programme on the progress of its students.

A start has already been made with questionnaires sent to all 24,000 students. The answers will help the university to study the problems in its early years, including what makes some students drop out after only a few weeks. Preliminary results of the study are expected by the end of the year.

Mrs Naomi McIntosh, senior lecturer in research methods in the university’s Institute of Educational Technology, said: “The Open University is a fundamentally new kind of educational system accepting part-time, mature students of disparate backgrounds and abilities who wish to study for degrees in their own homes. Traditionally, students in higher education in Britain form a relatively homogenous group, particularly with respect to age and previous educational attainment, but at the Open University students do not necessarily have any formal educational qualifications.”

Teaching materials and methods suitable for the traditional degree students may well be unsuccessful with students at the Open University. In particular, we expect that mature students may need to study at different speeds and may develop at different rates. The university has made a commitment unusual in higher education in this country to continuous monitoring and self-improvement, and two particular areas that we will be concerned with are the actual problems in the extension of educational opportunities and the relationship of education and occupation, and occupational change.”

## Bus services to be cut

The Western National Bus Company announced yesterday that the depots at Bude and Delabole, Cornwall, would be closed on July 31, staff made redundant, and several services cut. About 40 employees will be affected but the company hopes to find other jobs for some.

## New pill relieves sunburn

DOCTORS who put 3,000 people on a pill to try to cure sunburn reported yesterday that 90.6 per cent of the group showed a marked improvement and 51.6 per cent were completely free of symptoms.

Three doctors employed by the BOAC and BEA joint medical services carried out the experiment. Those who took part in it were airline employees. The pills have to be used in conjunction with normal creams and oils.

While relieving sunburn, the pills do not impair the ability to get a good tan. The pills, named “Sylvan,” were developed after research had shown that the lack of Vitamin A in some people might be a factor in severe sunburn. They contain Vitamin A and calcium carbonate.

Dr Anthony Turner, senior overseas medical officer for the airlines, is to appear on television early next month to talk about the pill.

## Nabarro argues L-driving case

Sir Gerald Nabarro is to urge the Minister for Transport, Mr John Peyton, to tighten up the law concerning driving instruction.

Sir Gerald’s action results from a case this week at Luton in which magistrates dismissed allegations that a woman who ran a driving school from her home was charging for driving lessons without being a qualified or approved instructor.

The woman had said that she did not teach driving, but offered only driving practice, charging for the hire of her car.

Sir Gerald, Conservative MP for South Worcestershire, is chairman of Driving Instructors Ltd., a national association of Ministry-approved instructors. The company’s vice-chairman, Mr Alan Page, said yesterday that he had discussed the situation with Sir Gerald, who is to put down parliamentary questions. Mr Page said that if the court’s decision at Luton stood, there would be a “tidal wave” of similar schools.

“In times of unemployment there has always been a mushroom growth of driving schools

run by unqualified people,” Mr Page added. “The effect of this decision is to throw the whole law wide open.”

The Motor Cars (Driving Instruction) Regulations, 1970, which came into force last October, make it illegal to give driving instruction for reward unless the instructor is approved by the Ministry. To gain approval, instructors have to take written and practical examinations.

## Man wins appeal

Bernard Broad (37), convicted of burglary at the Duke of Norfolk’s home, Arundel Castle, was freed by the Court of Appeal yesterday. Broad, of Hurst Farm Road, Weald, Kent, was convicted at Surrey Assizes on February 4 and gaoled for a year.

Quashing the conviction, Mr Justice Lane said the trial judge had misdirected the jury on the burden of proof.

## Rampage youths gaoled

Two youths who robbed a 75-year-old shopkeeper of £10, one of them grinding his foot in her face, were each sentenced to four years’ imprisonment at the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

Mr Justice Bean said to William Thomas Brixey (18), unemployed, of Canterbury Road, Croydon, and Brian Trevor Thomas (17), sheet metal worker, of Kemble Road, Croydon: “My judgment, in spite of your age, for this rampage of grave crime is that Borstal is not adequate punishment.”

They also admitted endangering life by obstructing the railway line near Croydon, stealing property and money totalling about £80, and stealing two cars. But the Judge said that their worst crime had been robbing Mr Eva Cartmel, aged 75, at her shop in Westway, Caterham-on-the-Hill. The Judge said she had face injuries and a dislocated leg.

Mr Robert Harman, prosecuting, said that Brixey was 17 at the time of the offences and Thomas 16.

Shadows  
of  
appro

# THE SUNDAY TIMES

## Tight fisted barons force bathrobed John into submission

Runnymede 15 June, 1215

THE KING, dressed only in a light red gown, today put the Royal Seal to a radical document known as the ‘Barons’ Charter’.

Although no statement was released from the royal headquarters, it is believed that financial pressures and the recent political crisis from anarchist barons were reasons for his action.

The charter deals with several complaints of the barons against the king.

said they were promised the spoils of the King’s recent but abortive campaign in France. He said the King’s failure to achieve any definite plunder had undermined morale.

But, he went on, the final straw came when he tried to pass the cost of the war on to his next bases.

Further negotiations timing between

Exclusive of news  
and full report on page  
in the Magazine

Seven week series includes: The Magna Carta, The Death of Richard III, Henry VIII and the Act of Supremacy, The Trial and Execution of Charles I, James II and the ‘Glorious Revolution’, The Reform Bill of 1832, The Tolpuddle Martyrs.

## ‘SCOOP!’-History as News’ starts this week in the The Sunday Times Magazine



# The Mersey sound

Christopher Ford on the Willis family, makers of fine romantic organs

"GOD-GIFTED organ-voice of England" was how Tennyson thought to praise Milton, and the one musical instrument above all has served so many a poet as an image of matchless breadth and splendour. This was never more justified than in Tennyson's own time, in the second half of the nineteenth century, when began a period of organ-building which had as its twin triumphs Alexandra Palace and Liverpool Cathedral.

The organ of Alexandra Palace, completed in 1875 and rebuilt in 1929, lies now in disarray, its facade painted two hideous shades of pink as if by a further conscious act of desecration. That in Liverpool Cathedral, completed in 1926, remains in glorious voice, the largest in Britain and probably the most complete church organ anywhere. Only recently in these columns Leopold Stokowski himself was describing it as "the greatest organ in the world today." Few would challenge it as the finest achievement of the "romantic" school of organ-building, an expression which implies enormous size but much else as well.

Both organs were made by the firm of Willis, whose founder—known as "Father" Willis for reasons professional rather than priestly—took advantage of the Great Exhibition of 1851 to exhibit an organ which, says Grove's, was "much noticed." In the subsequent second half-century Willis made organs for the Royal Albert Hall and St George's Hall, Liverpool; for St Paul's Cathedral and Windsor Castle; for Canterbury Cathedral, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hereford, Oxford, St David's (Salisbury), Truro, Wells, and Winchester Cathedrals. Above them all Father Willis is said to have loved the organ of Alexandra Palace, which is only one reason why its neglect by the GLC has caused such stirrings of discontent in the musical world.

The instrument was dismantled during the Second World War, from some peculiar notion of safety, and its innards laid out in the main hall within reach of souvenir-hunters and other vandals. They were subsequently stored in two large rooms behind the hall, where they remain under a pall of dust, bedraggled and bespattered, sheltering the remains of pigeons who did not know how or when. The whole thing makes a bleak sight and a tragic one.

Sir Malcolm Sargent started an appeal to save the organ and hall in 1960. Peter Hamblen, who runs Willis's London section, recalls: "Henry Willis III and I went to a meeting at Harringay Town Hall to discuss restoring the organ. It would have cost about £70,000 then, and the figure would be nearer £100,000 now. Later, when the GLC invited tenders for the organ, they got two offers from an enthusiast called John Allen and from the Americans. John Allen asked the present Henry Willis to come in on the offer because he didn't want the organ to go abroad. And the firm paid half of the agreed figure of £500."

It's an almost meaningless sum; how much would you pay for a dismembered body, and how much for a human life itself? Hamblen accepts the point: "It could cost us £5,000 to take it away. The contract says that the organ can be removed on six months' notice by either side, the GLC or Willis. I'm expecting to have to stop all work and send a team up here." And what could happen to the organ then? Possibly the best answer, though nobody likes the thought, is that parts of it might be incorporated in new instruments.

One problem is that such huge organs are slightly out of fashion musically (at least for the moment) and economically. Few large organs have been built in Britain in the post-war years. Harrison and Harrison made the organs at the Royal Festival Hall, which cost £85,000 in 1951, and Coventry Cathedral. Walker's that in the Metropolitan Cathedral at Liverpool, and Willis's themselves quite a large instrument for Holy Trinity, Coventry. An entirely hypothetical figure for the organ of the big Liverpool Cathedral, were it to be built today, is a quarter of a million pounds. Noel Rawsthorne, the Liverpool organist, says: "I suppose it's not all necessary, really. There's lots of tone-colour you wouldn't



picture of Peter Hamblen by Peter Johns

find on a normal organ. Tastes have changed a great deal in the last ten or 20 years as more people have been to the continent and seen 'classical' organs."

Yet just walk among the echoing sandstone of Liverpool Cathedral, hear the organ play, and a certain magic starts to work. Clamber up ladders and staircases among the 9,704 pipes, ranging in length from 32 feet to three quarters of an inch; look down on a mountain of an inch; look down on a mountain. Everything here is precision and scientific skill, even including a hum-diffing system—and of course a tele-

phone: "Willis's have a place at the end of the road," explains Rawsthorne, "and if anything goes wrong I can have them up here in a couple of minutes." Since tuning alone takes two people five days three times a year, Willis's don't exactly neglect the instrument.

Noel Rawsthorne is one of the most experienced realists in the business—he has done three tours of Russia in the last four years—though even he would want at least six hours' tinkering on such an instrument before he felt he knew his way around it. There are five keyboards (the standard choir,

great, swell, and solo, plus a bombarde, which is a sort of super-solo), 145 speaking stops, and 34 couplers. But the names of the stops, rather than their number, catch the eye. You could make up a list like that of those imaginary brands of Scotch in "Whisky Galore": flute triangulaire, spitzflöte, and clarinet flüte (organ-builders don't seem to have language-barriers); four-nights, baryton, and sequentiers; trombe réal, double trumpet, and trompe harmonique... and above them all the bombarde tuba magna, the "great trumpet," with an unearthly voice like the very last of its breed

which can raise the hairs on the back of your neck, operated by an air-pressure which displaces 50 inches of water in a U-tube.

There are larger organs in America. The Municipal Auditorium in Atlantic City seats 41,000 people and the organ is to scale, with seven manuals and 33,112 pipes—and a tuba mirabilis which works at a pressure of 100 inches. Even here there is a distant connection with the dynasty: a Vincent Willis, a son of Father Willis who fell out with the family, worked on the voicing of the organ. America also possesses a couple of six-manual organs, one of which, in the Wanamaker Store in Philadelphia, has been played by Noel Rawsthorne.

Size apart, is there a recognisably Willis sound? Can you tell a Willis organ on first hearing? The present head of the firm, Henry Willis IV, whose worst enemies would not accuse him of superstitious tact, says: "You can tell which Willis made it, at which period of his life, and who bugged it up afterwards. My great-grandfather wouldn't put his name on his organs. He said that if people couldn't tell who had made them they couldn't read anyway." Brian Culverhouse, who has produced numerous organ recordings for EMI, Organ series, which inevitably began at Liverpool, comments: "I feel quite strongly about the Willis organ. It has a quality all its own. It's the most flexible type of instrument made, with a marvellous dynamic range. And it's always ideally suited to the building it's made for—that's the stamp of a master craftsman." And Noel Rawsthorne recalls: "The first time I went into Truro Cathedral, it must be 25 years ago, I didn't know the organ at all... the organist was improvising quickly, it was a thrilling sound, and I said at once it must be a Willis." In general, such organs seem to have a very consistent tone, high or low, with a sound which is rich yet bright and clear.

Culverhouse's point about organs suitable for their buildings (forcefully put by Henry Willis with a few side-swipes at the "crass stupidity" of clients who don't take advice) explains why such successful gramophone records have been made in Liverpool Cathedral in spite of its nine seconds' reverberation. Rawsthorne says: "You cut your cloth according to what you have. On a small organ in a very dry building you wouldn't play Bach. I think I enjoy doing a Bach recital best—but not here. Rawsthorne does play one piece of Bach, the big D minor toccata on his latest record. It comes out with a capital ACE as well."

The avant-garde, in their unexpected rebirth of interest in the organ, may not go much on the Merseyside sound. The feeling is mutual; Noel Rawsthorne, who is 41, remarks: "When it comes to holding a chord and switching off the motor so that the whole thing makes ghostly steamboat noises, that's not for me. Maybe it's a sign of approaching middle-age." Yet such massive instruments play an irreplaceable part in the music which actually moves people today. Think of the full organ chord of E flat major which Mahler puts down like the roots of a great tree at the beginning of his eighth symphony. That simply wouldn't work on a sort of electrified harmonium. Or consider Britten's "War Requiem," where at the climax of the "Liberia Me" he uses, as an almost physical effect, the suffocating weight of the grand organ to drag everyone, chorus and orchestra alike, down into the Pit.

The differing fates of the two greatest creations of the Rolle-Royce of organ-builders—a fair simile, but one which Henry Willis might not thank me for—are simply bemusing. Liverpool only grows in prestige and admiration, and indeed will need further additions at the west end when in 1975, after 78 years on the making, the incomparable building is at last completed. The Alexandra Palace organ is well on the way to being so much scrap-metal and firewood. It is scarcely a practical proposition that it should be erected, let alone elsewhere. It was made in the Willis tradition, for a particular building and that only; and there, if enough of the right people could be persuaded to care, it could still be heard in its glory.

## The Seven Days left

W. L. Webb on a new radical magazine

A STYLE BOOK isn't the first weapon you expect to find in the armoury of a new radical magazine that has still to get an issue on the streets, but "Seven Days" has one. There's a little pink book in the second drawer of the filing cabinet in the office above the Russell Foundation, within fringing distance of Eros and the hip-capitalist outposts of Soho. It tells you how many h's there are in Khrushchev and prefers the "ough" in the spelling. (But since this is after all an instrument of change, "connexion," please, not "connection.")

"Seven Days" is the new hope of the New Left, journalistically speaking, and the style book suggests what's particularly hopeful about it: that most of the people who are going to run and write it are serious about their journalism as well as their Marxism. There are other signs about the place: instead of the usual jolly montage of Cuban posters and Molotov cocktail diagrams, a cool wallchart which, though it may look like something flched from the appendices of the McNamara report, is actually a detailed weekly plan of copy flow, printing times and editorial conferences. They kept to it, says Anthony Barnett, when they got out their last "read-up." And the read-ups and well-designed dummy numbers provide more evidence that they mean business and not just romantic political self-expression.

There are plenty of ideas here, the newest of which is to rediscover photo-journalism—real photo-stories of the old "Picture Post" kind, not the commercial-camp collations of the colour supplements. They say they have on call several good people who are in love with the kind of journalism and can't find outlets for it. No doubt the clean-cut photo-covers of these dummy issues helped their first talks with the distributors to go smoothly; they certainly look more above board than underground. Another factor which may commend them to W. H. Smith's is (strange alliance!) the strong Women's Lib contingent on the working party, committed to keeping the magazine's nose clean: "No sexism, no male chauvinism," says E. Helman, sternly warning her noble poke-bonnet. And the Gay Lib representative is with them all the way on this. Finally, there are the reassuring names of the uncles on the magazine's Trust—John Berger, Claude Cockburn, Stuart Hood. If the kids must have revolution, then so must the brand for the station bookstalls.

So much for style. What about content and ideology? Scapies looking down the list of the working party may say it's the same stage army of the British Left without Corporal Tariq Ali, and that's about all there is. Surely he's enough batty factionalism to muck up that meticulous editorial timetable. There's a large nucleus of "New Left Review" people and former Black Dwarfs, among them Alex Cockburn, Gareth Stedman Jones, Fred Halliday, Clive Goodwin, and Anthony Burgess, who is clearly central to the enterprise but doesn't call himself editor. (The formidable structure of democratic control also precludes secretaries: every man for himself with the phone and envelopes.)

Then there's Hugh Brodie, the anthropologist editor of the late "Idiot International." Before-gunner John McGrath of the Writers' Action Group, two gaddies from the Cambridge "Shilling Paper," others from "Cinema Action" and "Agitation," a medical sociologist, expert on the drug scene, and... a good accountant.

One can see some of these people, however, as representative in a different way—representative, that is, of the generation that rode high on the revolutionary wave of the late 'sixties and was beached by last summer's Tory victory and the strange hiatus in American radical politics since then. Since they turned back to the four realities of British life and politics, the magazine's editors are fairly clattering down from their eyes, and there is much self-criticism in what the magazine's prospectus says about vicarious political passions and the need to "break out of the ghetto reader-ship" to which a readership of boring rhetoric condemned forerunners like "Black Dwarf" and "Red Mole." What they see now leaves them still convinced, apparently, of the essential justice and galloping "contradictions" of late capitalism, with or without Wilsonian modifications, but more realistic about the nature of their stone-bottomed opponents and the length of the struggle.

So their calculations about a readership and an ideology, like their sums for backers and posters, sound more practical than one might have expected. They note the decline of "Tribune," the "New Statesman" and the "Morning Star," and the steady rejection of "Agitation," a poll of the young, and expect it to increase as the economy weakens and graduate unemployment grows. They have measured and hope to fill the gap between the readership of the underground press and the traditional organs of the Left, with their alienating rhetoric.

Strong photo-stories apart (and a culture section dealing with the process as well as the product), they hope to grab their 30,000 with all the news that's politically not fit to print elsewhere, and seem confident that there's plenty of it. At home, they want to follow in Paul Foot's steps, use tape to let people have their say directly, and be analytical and not merely dismissive about "Labourism." Abroad, they plan to use writers from other radical mags (Andrew Kopland of "Ramparts" is promised), and to pick the brains of that happy band of hyper-bright, disaffected young academics who still grapple the globe on foundation regulars, collecting information where diplomats fear to tread, from sources regular correspondents, hard pressed by routine, may not get to know.

Talking to some of these people in the office the other day over bread and cheese and Pilsner from the bottle, I felt that the situation and the magazine they were describing seemed likely enough. Whether that magazine will turn out to be "Seven Days," we shall have to wait and see, as they wait, counting down the days, and the last slices of necessary bread to be collected before that first number can get out in September.

## review

### RADIO

Gillian Reynolds

### Half an ear

ARE YOU familiar with character transmutation? Do you remember Spencer Tracy turning from Dr Jekyll into Mr H? Or Lon Chaney as Lawrence Talbot getting itchy feet and hands and becoming the Wolf Man? To put it on a more ordinary level, do you share the summer-time sensation of everyone turning into John Aflort when you ask them how the County match is going?

The other day a person I know turned into Walter Gaby before my very eyes. He was scything the grass in our garden and I was raking up in his wake, and before we'd got 20ft into the undergrowth, he was clutching his back and yodelling about his "lumber-dum-bago, me old pal, me old beauty." I attempted to wither him with an expert reference to it being Zebedee Tring who actually does the scything and such in "Archers" land but to little avail. By that time he was demanding such appropriate rural refreshment as cider, dandelion wine, and nettle beer "like me old granny used to make," and eventually settled for a trip to our neighbourhood approximation of the Bull Hotel in Ambridge.

There, I reflected, goes a victim of peripheral radio. Time listeners, like you and me, spend regular hours of our good time in planned listening. We go through the Radio Times with slide

rule and magnifying glass picking out our choice for the week. And last week we probably picked out such worthy major set-piece attractions as "The Batchelor's Banquet," last Sunday on Radio Three, "New Cathedrals, New Cities," on Radio 4 on Tuesday, and "The Price of Freedom," on Radio 4 on Thursday. When someone mentions radio to us, we'd welcome the opportunity of a serious chat about the state of radio drama, whether the interval talk and a quot bon 90 minutes documentary. There's nothing we'd like better than to get down to the nitty gritty about how satirical Dekker's misogyny and misogyny really was in last Sunday's above-mentioned Radio 3 entertainment. Our pleasure is all in the discourse of the ether at its most ethical.

But, wouldn't you know it, radio to most people relies on what they remember from 20 years ago, or what they picked up while they were waiting for a time check. The first category can be easily identified from their references to "Take It From Here" and the Falm Court of the Grand Hotel. Tell them "20 Questions" and "Down Your Way" are still running, and they will just look blank, for indeed "20 Questions" and "Down Your Way" have always been running inside their minds along with "Variety Bandbox," "Happidrome," and "Bandwagon."

The second category is made up of peripheral listeners. These are the ones who tell you with truth that they never have the radio off. They hear John Dunn or Jack de Manio in the morning, and they don't so much listen to what they say as let the colour of their voices paint in the background to how they feel that morning. They know that "Morning Story" comes on at 11 a.m., and "Waggoners Walk" at 11.15; that the regional weather forecast is broadcast three times a day on Radio 4 and that Radio 3 has cricket in the summer; that Walter Gaby in "The Archers" has a habit of putting extra syllables in words and that Terry Wogan on Radio 1 and 2 fights the flab (though not verbally) daily. The radio to them is a combination of clock and metronome, measuring out the minutes in a day, providing a background tune to work but whose words need never be heeded.

As far as the day-time goes I'm pretty much of a peripheral listener myself, weighing out the time between "Open House" and "The World at One" in daily compromises between Radio Merseyside, Radio 1 Club, and "You and Yours." It is so much a question of carefully planning a nourishing, thought-protein diet as nibbling away at a succession of things you happen to fancy that day. It isn't the reaction of the true selective intellectual, I admit, but at least I can plead I am what the radio has made me.

### MERMAID THEATRE

Philip Hope-Wallace

### Prometheus

DR JONATHAN MILLER's staging of "Prometheus Bound" at the Mermaid will surely divide opinion thus permitting me to assume my usual pose recumbent upon the fence. It looks bleakly austere: like Bunyan in gaol, or even Florestan out of Beethoven's "Fidelio," which would be a suitable overtone to strike. Prometheus is a rebel: inside, with his stool and his bucket: some nasty trusies with cutdies are going to do for him in the end (for the gods are implacable)—"we are all chained in a quarry" and other fairly facile pessimisms; also present is a trio of sea birds, wordy unmusical Norns, one with an hour glass, on which I regret to say my eye lingered longingly in what seemed a very long evening, though it is not much more than the length of one act of Wagner.

I wish I hadn't thought of Wagner: because, of course, this is what Noel Coward meant when he described "Camelot" as like Parsifal—without the laughs, of course. This is kind of half flying, torrentially wordy, fancifully metaphorical and totally humourless revamping of a classical

myth which gave the Third Programme a reputation not wholly undeserved for pretentiousness. We are much concerned with the fly blown to (whom Zeus visited as a black cloud, rather like Wednesday's Mrs Amphitryon in Giraudoux's play). Angela Thorne plays the long, long descriptive rôle with a sweet sadness which I found touching and which like all the rest of it managed to hold the house stock still, without one cough. But I could not warm here to Lowell's poetic manner; the similes often sounded cheap and reach me down, predictable.

Prometheus himself, played with a new stocky assurance by Kenneth Haigh, also has similar hurdles to jump, e.g. "A cure was waiting like a bride, for every disease." "Come again?" as the irreverent might demand. He says "I never saw you before." To which our hero, chained to his rock, his "holy mother," has to say, "Nor I you, lo," and one began to make up vague limericks about "lo from Ohio, you." No good my jumping off the fence. I don't want to be irreverent but I think this is partly justian much of the way, until the crux of the drama where Hermes comes to announce the imminent arrival of Death and the gnawing vulture where poetry takes wing and the cruelty of heaven is arraigned. Respect without admiration.

### TELEVISION

Nancy Banks-Smith

### Stress

WHEN YOU have absolutely nothing going for you. When you're called the Further Education Unit and they put out your stuff at 11.10 pm. In black and white. And when your subject is Stress and its influence on ulcers and heart disease there is only one thing to do—see the funny side of it. The new series "Stress" (BBC-1) which laboured

under all these disadvantages was in fact both informatively and funny.

Sometimes it was, I suspect, a fraction funnier than it intended. There was, for instance, Dr Carruthers. Now there is nothing wrong with being called Dr Carruthers (Eurizon Gwynne Jones, the producer of the programme, can't help being called Eurizon Gwynne Jones. Poor soul.) But I can only record that every time someone said earnestly "tell me, Dr Carruthers," I hiccuped helplessly. Carruthers was an excellent straight man to the pop group, The Scaffold.

Carruthers: "We are going to try and arouse your emotions." Scaffold, with ill-concealed excitement: "How will you arouse us emotionally?" Carruthers: "We have some television for you to watch."

Not surprisingly the television clips did not send The Scaffold's blood pressure or adrenalin soaring. It was an ingenious idea that it might. Carruthers's extraordinary idea that TV would send up the blood pressure was based on Swedish research. "From studies of film viewing in Sweden, we expected big changes (in blood pressure)" he said, all astonished like. It is, of course, just barely possible that Swedish films differ somewhat in content from British TV clips. With sketches and strip cartoons and Carruthers and John Gorman of The Scaffold, who has the doubly delightful distinction of being bald and looking barmy, "Stress" contrived to convey a fair amount of information painlessly and memorably.

It was suggested that the prevalence of stress diseases might be partly due to our primitive reactions being inappropriate for modern man. Stress floods the blood with fat which nature intends to be used for fighting or flight. Modern man does neither of these things for these things are "not done."

They are by me. Under stress I hit anything that will stand still long enough for me to take a swing at it. And I feel all the better for it. Perhaps it is not good to take trouble "like a man." It may be safer to take it like a woman.

Some of these notices appeared in late editions yesterday.

John, in 1970



## The Manson trial was shot through with the vague sense of a lesson to be learned, somehow. One juror offered her own startling summation: 'I hope this verdict will be a lesson to the young people of this country—that you just can't go into a person's house and butcher them up'... I have my doubts

ON Monday, March 29, a jury here voted the death penalty for Charles Manson and three female accomplices—Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel, and Leslie Van Houten—for the Tate-La Bianca massacre of August 1969. In nearly two years since, people have kept asking: Why did they do it? How did they get like that? Are there more? (Apparently yes—in Yuba City, California, for example.) Underneath shivers the normal man's horror of the kind of murder taught us lately by Starkweather, Whitman, Speck, Oswald, Smith, Sirhan, et al.: death may come at any time, not necessarily from your proven enemy but from some mad stranger who springs up and slashes.

The Manson trial was shot through with the vague sense of a lesson to be learned, somehow. One juror offered her own startling summation: "I hope this verdict will be a lesson to the young people of this country—that you just can't go into a person's house and butcher them up."

I wouldn't want to gainsay that, though I have my doubts. Since February I have talked with a variety of behavioural scientists—psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, social historians, and lay counsellors at hippie clinics—in an effort to extract some meaning from the brutal affair. Several of those I consulted see Manson as embodying the growing existentialism and nihilism of our time. The experts I consulted, most of whom asked not to be identified, agreed that the answers sprawl beyond the borders of any one field of scientific expertise, into genetics, environment, family background, sex, booze, and drugs, conscious reconditioning, group pressures, the anti-intellectual countercultures so prevalent today, and whatever it is about an establishment society that seems to turn off so many of its young people.

For their part, Manson and his ardent true believers have explained away their crimes, and perhaps their self-doubts, in a flood of circular, pseudomystical talk that covers everything or nothing. At times, however, unlikely or suspect the source, some points hit home, if only by accident. Charlie on child-rearing: "These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up." Leslie on the human condition: "We are all murderers; we are all capable of murdering; we are all animals; that is part of us all."

Joel Hochman, a University of California psychiatrist, on Leslie's condition: "I think, in fact, that this is not inaccurate from a psychological point of view—that murder is a potential in all human beings. The remorselessness? With a certain class of person, or value system, it's unusual. With another, not so terribly unusual. The first time I ever encountered such an attitude was in 'The Stranger' by Camus. It was about a man who killed for no reason, to test an existential point."

The Manson "family" was unquestionably more than the sum of its parts, if only because each member, taken separately, is rather an ordinary type of sick person seen often in this so-called age of alienation. Charles Manson may be insane—no one knows—but whatever he is, a similarly wretched mental condition could be inferred about many men with such

backgrounds of long imprisonment. Yet it is the girls who are most interesting. Testimony at the trial indicated that the girls were not lazy or even medically insane. Neurotic, you bet; psychotic, no. Up to the time they lived under Manson's influence, they lived lives that pass more or less as normal in the permissive context of today. And even then, without anyone noticing, they were being warped by forces that hammer just as mercilessly on thousands of other girls who will commit no crimes. Not all the girls Charlie met agreed to go with him. Why did these?

In court, Lynette (Squeaky) Fromme told of her unhappy life at home and in a tone of incredulity: "In fact, I was taught I was ugly!" The jurors blink, embarrassed; alas, she is merely plain. After a pause, Squeaky adds quietly: "A dog goes to somebody who loves it and takes care of it." Susan Atkins is asked why she devoted herself so freely to Charlie, and she asks right back: "Can you imagine what it's like—a girl who never had much attention?" And Katie: "I felt ugly. I always had too much hair on my body. He began to tell me what I wanted to hear. 'Everything is all right,' he would tell me..." It just might be that simple.

In court, this infamous Charles Manson stands disappointingly small for a legend, just over five feet. At 36, his face still has an innocent quality, untouched. The records say he was an abused, rejected child; his mother insists he was spoiled by the women of his family. Both claims are probably true: he wouldn't be the first child bewildered by grown-ups blowing hot and cold.

One thing is certain: for all that's said of his wild ways, and for all the girls who say they love it, Charlie hates women. One of his favourite sermons is how women take away manhood, how mothers weaken their sons, wives their husbands. Charlie, the coolest and sickest of them all, is now undeniably fascinating in the way—as novelists and movie-makers so well understand—mentally sick people are so often more fascinating than healthier ones.

Consider Susan Atkins, alias Sadie Glutz, mother of Zee Zee Zadrack (named by Manson, fathered by whom?) Set adrift by an unloving mother who died, a father and stepmother she didn't like, Susan recalls a self-fulfilling prophecy: "My family kept telling me, 'You're going downhill, you're going downhill, you're going downhill.' So I just went downhill. Sadie is the one who snatched. Separated from the Manson 'family' for a few days, she faltered and talked to two cellmates, then in a long interview she later tried to take it all back.

With a little girl's mischievous smile and bright eyes that peek and wink and flick about, Susan is the most expressive and vulnerable of the three girls. Watching her behaviour—bold and actress in court, cute and miming when making eye-play with someone—a little haunted when no one's attention—I get the feeling that one day she might start screaming, and simply never stop.

And Patricia Krenwinkel, alias Katie, Earth Mother of the "family," quiet, competent, the Rock of Gibraltar to Susan. We know she was born in her

parents' middle age, that her mother wasn't well, that an older sister, now dead, was troublesome, that her parents were divorced when she was 18, and that from birth until Charlie her best friend was her father. (Joe Krenwinkel remembers that time as happy, and says three different times: "She was such a good little girl.") But she was such a good little girl for a girl, and didn't have dates. She used to come home crying from school; these were the people she'd have to grow up with and live among; she couldn't be her father's best buddy all her life...

Today she seems quite at peace. There were bad moments after her arrest in Alabama, where she ran to, but then she was reunited with the "family," and Charlie's philosophy rushed back into her soul, filling all the empty spaces. Dr Hochman believed she was a schizoid personality—not schizophrenic and insane, merely ill with a schizoid tendency that deepens as she walls herself off from reality. He may be right. She moves through the trial with an increasingly awesome serenity. She strikes me as a person who's moving away. They'll never get through to her.

Leslie Van Houten, the most All-American of the lot. Normal, happy childhood, two big brothers, parents who adopted two younger Korean children, good grades, being chosen

Homecoming Princess by the football team, a groovy boyfriend, almost everything. Then Pot, LSD with her boyfriend, pregnancy at 18, an abortion she couldn't forgive her mother for. High on LSD one day, seeing her parents as cold, unloving mother dominating, father giving in. Then divorce, and her curious lack of caring about it, an effort to find herself in the self-realisation fellowship. Bust in a California commune. Bust. In San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. Bust. Then Charlie. Bingo.

Clear-eyed, articulate, theatrical, and just a little bitchy at times, Leslie seems hard enough to make one suspect she is still capable of wanting. Hochman thinks she could be reached with treatment. But this she will not get. She hung on to her cool, and society made its judgment.

Charlie took them all away from their misery, like Peter Pan to Never-Never Land. First was Susan, grubbing around bleakly in San Francisco, dancing to old men for money, strung out on LSD and booze at 18, and genuinely hurt over a broken engagement to a nice young man whose brother convinced her she wasn't good enough to marry him.

Then Patricia, drugging fatly through the days as an insurance company clerk, experimenting occasionally with drugs introduced to her by her own

sister, yearning always for something good to happen, and then, at her sister's meeting a houseguest named Charles Manson.

And Leslie, tripping vaguely through California, her father remarried and lost to her, her boyfriend gone religious and lost to her, now with a new beau, and some girls who talked about a dude named Charlie, who sounded real heavy.

Charlie took them all away, dressed them in kooky clothes, gave them clever new names, and off they went to the woods, to the deserts, to any old town, playing their games together, their magical mystery tours, their creepy-crawling, everybody sharing food, work, sex, and play, so that the sharing became a part of their life. And the more outrageous the initiation, the more tightly were they bound together against the world outside. From isolated children they grew into a family, with Charlie the patriarch carefully dispensing the love and beautiful talk they all wanted to find somewhere.

At this point, they are still not obviously different from many thousands of others wanting to find love and beautiful talk. The hippie movement is in full flower around 1967, and dropouts, runaways, acidheads, and flower children are a common sight from New York's East Village to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury.

Charlie is the most memorable one of his group, and two specialists at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic, Dr David E. Smith and a research assistant, Alan J. Rose, do a brief study of Manson's group marriage commune. Their research finished 15 months before the Tate massacre, but not published until after Manson's arrest, deals chiefly with Manson's role as sexual omnivore and charismatic big daddy, but makes no mention of any predilection toward violence in his group. They describe Manson in 1970 as "probably an ambulatory schizophrenic."

The decade containing the two Kennedy murders, the King slaying, the Calley case, the Manson "family," and a generally unpopular war has given Americans a bitter taste of lessons other nations down through the years have hogged at, each in its turn. Ever since Cain slew Abel, the past decade has indisputably been a shocker for anyone who believed his high school American history textbooks; this is particularly true of the young, who are less experienced at adjusting to the discrepancy between ideals and realities.

The point is that, since the end of the depression and the Second World War, the great majority of young Americans—older Americans, too, for that matter—have grown dissatisfied in differing ways and degrees with American life. Not that youth hasn't rebelled before, but seldom to this extent. Deciding the status quo isn't worth the grief, they drop out (with a little walking around money, of course) after a pervasive sadness and insecurity inspiring their search for alternatives to a society they find unresponsive and undesirable.

Subcultures, countercultures, alternative cultures—in themselves they are nothing new, of course. From long before the Brook Farm experiment to today's Hell's Angels, there have always been groups which, with greater and lesser hostility toward the establishment world, sought to escape it. Christ himself, it appears, belonged to

such a group. Historically, deranged individuals were not welcome in communes which often shared a communal neurosis as well, and thus needed no lunatics to turn their heavy sledding into a hostile world. Isolated psychopaths generally burned themselves out young, their high degree of visibility dealing most of them into prisons or madhouses. The less obvious, more clever of them, according to many sociologists, sometimes channelled their violence into vigilante groups like the Ku Klux Klan, while some even found social acceptance through the institutionalised violence of a war or, on occasion, in police work.

But the variety of experiences available on the contemporary scene afforded those like Manson and his girls both an atmosphere in which they could move comfortably without attracting much notice, and a rhetoric of anger and alienation with which they could reinforce, even aggravate, the personal problems and brought them to the brink in the first place. To aggravate still further an already dangerous emotional imbalance, there were the drugs. LSD research has a long road ahead to go before we can identify all its properties for certain. But most experts agree that LSD, depending on the social context in which it is used, can exert a powerful influence on shaping the personality of an individual whose sense of himself and whose hold on reality have been flimsy.

The experts also agree that, in such a case as the Manson killing, LSD was a catalyst, not a causal agent. It apparently stripped the thin veneer of civilisation off a murderous, unchannelled anger that bubbled just below the surface in each of the "family's" members. Somewhere along the scale, the split between romance and reality takes on an eerie edge. For instance, in this prose poem:

I went into the bathroom and looked at the mirror and I saw myself.

I'd look away, and then I'd look at myself again.

And I saw myself. I saw my father and his age, and everything that he had ever told me, on my face.

Then I began to grow older, right before my very eyes. I began to get old and wrinkled and my hair began to turn grey.

And I looked at my hands, and my hands got age spots on them, and then got arthritis in them.

And I grew old and I died right before my very eyes.

It was quite an experience.

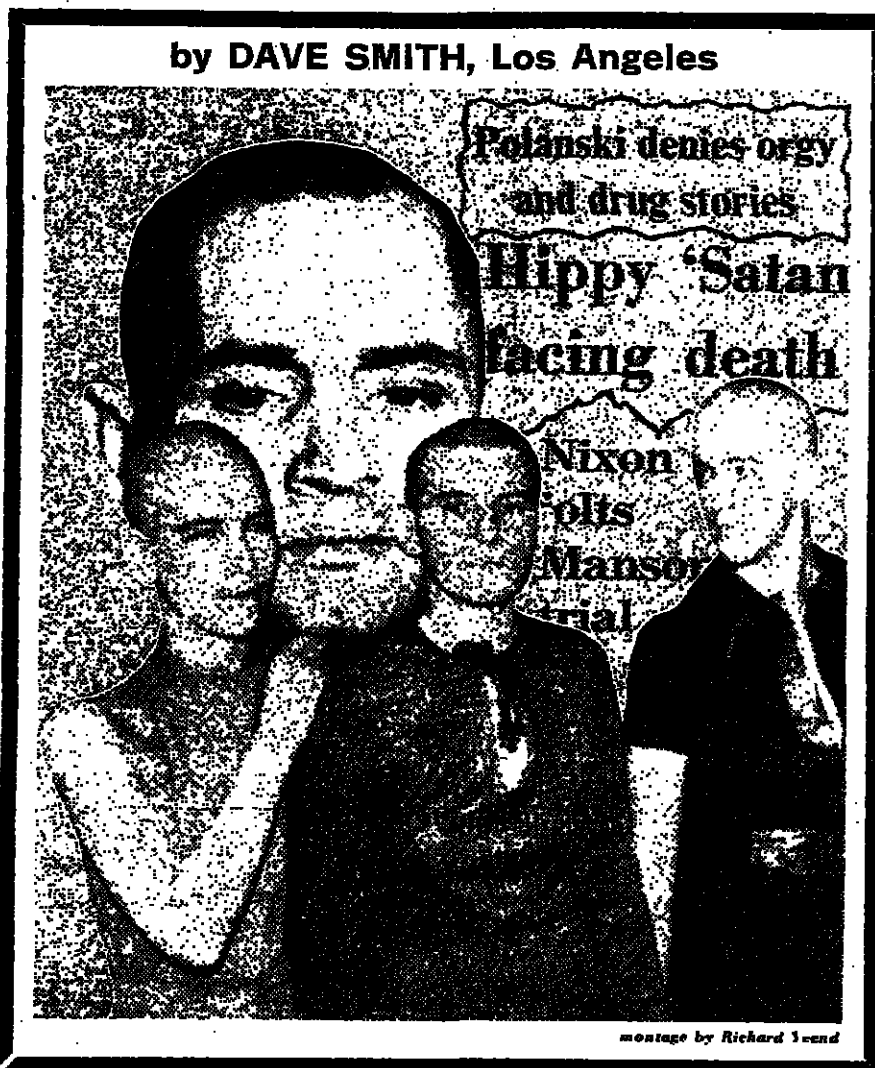
Then I couldn't get away from the mirror. I would want to go away from the mirror and the reality of what I was seeing.

And I went to bones. My skin fell off. I went to bones.

Then I closed my eyes, and I wasn't really thinking too much about anything, since I was dead.

And I opened my eyes and it was like I was reborn. It was like I never—there was nothing on me. I was nothing but pureness.

A moving experience, beautifully expressed. Its author, describing from the witness stand a 1967 session on LSD, is Susan Atkins. Similarly moved on a later occasion, she plunged a knife in and out of the beautiful, living, pregnant body of Sharon Tate.—Los Angeles Times.



Polanski denies orgy and drug stories  
Hippy 'Satan' facing death  
Nixon's 'Manson' trial

montage by Richard Sound



HARRY WHEWELL

The Terry Coleman interview

## The Eton of comprehensives

### Hot dogs and Englishmen

ONE EVENING last week I was driving along a road in Southern Portugal when I was startled by a voice shattering my left ear like a clap of thunder from out of a clear sky. "D'ye really come from Ashton?" It said it in a road even by Portuguese standards. In parts it had been more or less washed away by unseasonably heavy rain. Even where it was good, its ridges fell away sheer like a busily receding sea. I had been driving slowly, and every few hundred yards it was necessary to steer very carefully between these axle-threatening drops in the one hand and somewhat erratically driven ox and mule carts on the other.

### Window sticker

It took me a moment or two to recall that I had a rear window sticker. "Another Ford from Quick's of Ashton-under-Lyne," and slightly less than that to realise that this was hardly the time or place to point out that while the car came from Ashton, I didn't. So, I simply shouted back, "Yes." Whereupon, the other car pulled up in front of me and I personally pulled up behind it.

I thought at first that the driver must be in some grave trouble. But he wasn't. He was just lonely and seeking for a familiar voice. He had booked for post into a hotel that turned out to be miles from weather ruled out lazy days on the beach and he was pushed to driving rather aimlessly about the countryside. We chatted for half an hour or so while the ox carts and the goats caught us up and passed us, and then parted; he to his gloomy hotel and me and my family in search of lodgings in the next town.

The next town was 20 miles up the road and there we quickly found a room in a pension, washed and came down to supper. The dining-room was nearly full. At most of the tables Portuguese families were talking, laughing, scolding their children. But the couple at the table next to ours were quite silent. They were sharply dressed;

didn't look Portuguese and, as always in these situations we speculated about what nationality they might be. The man certainly had one of those wide upper-class English heads and a red neck and my wife thought his shirt was from Marks and Spencers. But since they exchanged not a word we could overhear, we could not be sure.

They got up to leave before us and the woman muttered something that sounded like, "Excuse me," as she brushed past my chair. Later that evening we were staying in a bar when they passed and appeared about to come in; but they saw us and moved on. They were equally silent at breakfast the next morning so we asked the pension owner, "Ingest," she said, looking at him puzzled. We stayed three more days at that pension, and in all that time they carefully avoided any contact with us and never once spoke English audibly in our presence.

Their strict apartheid amused me but didn't surprise me as it so obviously did the Portuguese owner of the pension. I've experienced it often enough before. When the English travel abroad to the less exploited parts, they tend to polarise out into two sharply defined and sharply contrasting types. There are those, like the motorist from Ashton, who cast about wildly for any representatives of their own race and then, forsaking all others, cleave only unto them. And there are those—like the couple in the pension—who seem to feel that they ought to get a rebate on their ticket if they spot so much as a single fellow countryman.

### Ready boast

The first approach is simple, straightforward and not very interesting. The second is more complicated, perverse, obtuse and altogether fascinating both in principle and practice. One can understand why someone hoping to spend a fortnight among rural villages and small fishing harbours should be upset if the chosen spot turns out to be as populous as the Costa Brava. But it's hard to see why a handful of English families should mark any more than a corresponding number of French or Italian or Portuguese. It's far from clear why some English will go to such lengths to avoid other English or why the boast, "There were no other English there at all," trips so readily off the tongue on return.

Perhaps the lust to be Europeans is stronger than we suspect.

DR F. D. RUSHWORTH is at present headmaster of a comprehensive school, of which no one has ever heard, in one of the tattert parts of Shoreditch. In the autumn he will go to be headmaster of Holland Park comprehensive school, of which everyone has heard. This is partly because it has become fashionable, which is its own fault, the Marquess of Queensberry, John and Penelope Mortimore, and those great showpeople personalities, Bob Monkhouse and Anthony Wedgwood Benn all having sent their children there rather than to public schools.

It is also partly because it has consistently been the victim of low journalism, which is not its fault at all, just inevitable accident. It could hardly be otherwise, what with all the political cant talked one way and another about comprehensive schools, and what with all those celebrated former pupils. It also just happens that the school is conveniently situated for Fleet Street, and is only a few minutes from the television studios.

The headmaster there is at the top of his profession, in a school which is a sort of Eton of the comprehensives. But he also inherits a school where, it is reported, children have held demonstrations, where they have been moved (naturally), and where television men are alleged to have bribed children to throw tomatoes, because this made a better picture.

So Dr Rushworth needs to be a very cool and capable man, which he is. He looks the kind of man who would captain a tidy ship. His resourcefulness showed itself very early: he was

born in Salford, but within two months escaped across the border to Yorkshire. As a boy he went to Huddersfield College, which took the cream off the town's other grammar schools.

Frank Derek Rushworth was the son of a hairdresser and says he was a typical first generation sixth former, in a school where the headmaster was a British chess champion and there was a strong tradition of science, maths, and chess. He was on the arts side. He wanted to learn German but the school did not teach it, so he left, took German classes at Huddersfield Tech, and then got an open scholarship in French and German at St Edmund Hall, Oxford.

By the time he graduated, the war had started, and always having had a leaning towards India, he chose to enter the Indian Army. He says it was not an elite by the time he got into it. People thought he was mad, going out there, with all those Japs. The only Japs he saw were a few prisoners in Delhi. He found the jungle a friendly place where snakes and tigers were more frightened of you than you were of them, and ran away from you.

He was shipped home as a major, and automatically sent straight back to Oxford because, although he had graduated, he had not completed three years at university. A lot of his fellow officers couldn't think how he was released so quickly and, knowing he was a bit left wing, thought he must have influence with the newly elected Labour Government. This, says Dr Rushworth, was a reflection on their attitude that you could get nothing

done without influence, which might have been true enough of India.

Back at Oxford, his college looked at him and suggested he should go off to Paris on a French Government scholarship, which he did, and in two years was a doctor of the university of Paris, having written a thesis on English studies in France.

He taught for ten years at Tottenham, becoming head of the modern languages department, but eventually also becoming impatient of the grammar school's inability to come to terms with the bottom stream, which some of the masters wrote off. Many boys were leaving without a single O-level. So when the new comprehensive school at Holland Park opened in 1958 he went there and stayed for eight years.

He still teaches, though only six periods a week now, not as much as he used to or would like, and most of his time he spends as a manager, but really without the power of a manager in industry. "If you want to try and make a headmaster responsible for productive efficiency in the same sense as a managing director," he says, "then you must untie his hands in other directions too, and this of course is just not on. A managing director, and fire staff as they say in the U.S., I couldn't see why this wasn't on, but the idea of giving a teacher a couple of terms to find himself a new job was obviously repugnant to him. And a comprehensive headmaster lacks not only the power of a managing director, but the perquisites and the pay too. There are no perquisites at all, and Dr Rushworth's pay at Holland Park,

after three years, will be £4,541 a year.

He certainly does not complain about the pay, but when you tell him it is not enough he does not disagree, and he does point out that he will have the responsibility of 2,000 pupils, more than 100 teachers, and plant worth £1 million. He thinks that because the salary is not what it might be, some of the biggest comprehensive schools have difficulty in getting the headmasters they want. Heads of departments and deputy heads just don't think the little extra pay compensates.

Nor, at Holland Park, will it compensate for the large extra publicity. RIOT AT SUPER SCHOOL, said one headline last year; and then REVOLT SCHOOL, QUIET AGAIN. It was a very tiny riot. Then, in December, came a story in the "Spectator," heard upon hearsay upon hearsay, a story with an intrinsic ring of doubt about it. CHILD WHORES, CALL GIRLS, said the headline, and the story, such as it was, revealed that there was an organised call-girl system at the "show-place" school of Holland Park.

Did Dr Rushworth think that such publicity was going to make things more difficult for him there? Yes he did. He is a moderate, tolerant man who doesn't seem put out, for instance, that you can always tell the most popular books in the school library at Shoreditch because they are the ones that get stolen. But he did have a few sharp words for the press, not spoken sharply though. "Yes," he said, "it was something about call-girls. Well, I mean honestly. Are journalists particularly gullible?"

### THE MOSS ROSE gardening by Stanley Vince

YEAR BY YEAR new roses are added to the lists and old ones dropped. But the dropping does not by any means go strictly on seniority. Some extremely old varieties have persisted, unnoticed and forgotten, in the corners of old gardens until rediscovered by enthusiasts like the late Edward Buxard or Graham Thomas. Often, too, their vigour seems unimpaired, perhaps because they were never propagated vegetatively on the same massive scale as many modern best-sellers. And vigour apart, quite a lot of these survivors are exquisitely beautiful.

Among them are the moss roses, so-called because of the moss-like growth on their stems. They first appeared in the eighteenth century, apparently as offshoots of the centifolia or

Provence roses. Their heyday was from about 1830 to 1870, when hundreds of kinds were raised, especially in France. So they were too late for many to be known when Redouté's engravings, with descriptive text by Thory, first appeared. Only six are mentioned in the 1816 edition; four of them, incidentally, were believed to be of English origin.

Later in the nineteenth century these graceful, delicate moss roses were largely superseded by the bigger, more flamboyant hybrid perpetuals, which in turn were swept away by the hybrid teas. There are a few modern mosses but these are of different colours including yellows and salmon and they bear little resemblance to the period moss roses. The best known among the

fifty or so surviving moss roses varieties is the oldest, the Com-mon Pink Moss—a plain and unexciting label for a lovely rose which Redouté engraved under the title "Rosa muscosa, var. multiplex". It makes a sturdy shrub, easily reaching five feet and carrying its cup-shaped flowers two or more inches across, in June and July.

This was my introduction to the species; I still remember the short-sighted passer-by who mistook this abundant moss for a bad stack of aphids and warned me to spray without delay. The colours of the other moss survivors range from palest pink to deep red and near, annual chore of hard pruning, purple "de Ver-neuil" (1836), "Gloire des Mousseux" (1852) and "James Mitchell" (1861) are all pinks, the last having small but very

well-shaped flowers. "Henri Martin" is a pure crimson (1863) and "Louis Gilmard" (1877)—a relative latecomer among mosses—is red with white variegation.

My personal favourite moss, however, is "William Lobb" (1856), a strong-growing plant with a very strong, though a little capricious, habit of standing firm and free, it will soon clothe a post or pergola with ten-foot stems.

Moss roses are easy to grow if planted in autumn or winter in well-drained soil fortified with compost, old manure, or bone meal. They relieve you of the pink to deep red and near, annual chore of hard pruning, purple "de Ver-neuil" (1836), "Gloire des Mousseux" (1852) and "James Mitchell" (1861) are all pinks, the last having small but very well-shaped flowers. "Henri Martin" is a pure crimson (1863) and "Louis Gilmard" (1877)—a relative latecomer among mosses—is red with white variegation.

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## The economics of art

The Government has refused to commit itself to helping the National Gallery to buy Titian's "Death of Actaeon," and the picture seems bound to go abroad. It had been on loan to the gallery for ten years from Lord Harewood's trustees. Velazquez's portrait of Juan de Pareja, which was sold by Lord Radnor at Christie's last year for £2,310,000, now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It begins to appear that the National Gallery will never again be able to acquire great works of art in competition with American collectors or institutions, for the present system for keeping masterpieces in this country is collapsing. Set beside the prices now being paid, the Government's grants of £2 millions a year to 16 national museums and galleries for ordinary purchases look woefully small.

There is an additional problem. The prices paid for such pictures as the Titian and the Velazquez will tempt private owners of great paintings to sell. The number of such paintings still in private hands is now so small that national institutions know they must snap them up when they appear; once they go to a rival national collection they are off the open market for ever. So most curators would prefer to put money into acquisitions rather than buildings. Buildings can always be deferred, though often at great cost both in money and convenience.

The question which immediately arises is whether a country like Britain can justify spending such enormous sums of public money to

prevent such paintings going abroad. How do you measure a Titian against a mental hospital, a mile of motorway, or a subsidy to Upper Clyde Shipbuilders? How particularly do you do it when a work of art is being treated as real estate in a way which many art lovers find grossly offensive? And is it narrowly nationalistic to want to keep works of art which are in most cases the products of other European countries?

There is no simple answer. Italy, Spain, and to a lesser extent France get round the problem by forbidding such exports, but this prevents the owners selling their property at a fair international price. It is also difficult to argue that the whole of European art should be forbidden in future to the museums of the United States. But the problem that water tends to flow downhill must be faced. If the British Government gives no further help to our national institutions to acquire privately owned works of art when they come on the market, the result will be a permanent outflow to the richest buyers in the United States. The Government must remember that it has some responsibility for the aesthetic and educational values of our own society. Treasury assistance must inevitably be on a discriminatory basis. The Chancellor cannot afford to finance the purchase of every exorbitantly priced picture which comes on the market. But the Government does need to be careful not to allow the gradual draining away of an irreplaceable patrimony. The choice is really between a higher level of subsidy and some further restriction on exports.

## Mrs Thatcher's needless choice

News that the Government is to spend £132 millions over the next three years on replacing or improving pre-1903 primary schools will be widely welcomed. It is a disgraceful reflection of past attitudes and priorities that more than 6,000 primary schools still in use should have been built before 1903. Many of them should have been condemned after the First World War. It is also true that primary schools have not received their fair share of the educational cake in the past twenty years. Yet the quality of education during this period of a child's education is crucial. No matter how excellent the teaching after the age of 11, many children can never take full advantage of it because of inadequacies in the primary school. In the past few years something has been done to improve the supply of primary school teachers. Indeed some schools are now in the ludicrous position that they have more teachers than they do class rooms. The money Mrs Thatcher has earmarked for replacing the primary schools must not only produce civilised and hygienic conditions. It must also increase the number of class rooms and the availability of teaching aids.

It is a pity that Mrs Thatcher spoiled her announcement by indulging in a dubious philosophical exercise. She told the Association of Education Committees that the finance for improving old primary schools was only made possible by the decision to cut school milk and increase school meal prices. Mrs Thatcher went on to say that in education, as in every other field of social reform, there was no escaping the res-

ponsibility to determine priorities. Nor is there. But the Minister makes an unjustified equation between the need to accept priorities and acceptance of the overall priority given to education against other forms of public expenditure or indeed of the use of resources generally. It only becomes necessary to consider financing primary school building from school milk and meal cuts when a Government imposes an inadequate ceiling on total educational expenditure. A concern for priorities can equally well lead to a challenge to the Government's decision to cut income tax or maintain a military presence East of Suez.

One of the problems created by accelerating inflation is that quite dramatic nominal increases in expenditure on education can, over a period of years, imply little more than the maintenance of an unchanged flow of real resources. Yet increased real expenditure on education makes social and economic sense. The cuts in school meals and school milk make neither. The survey carried out by the National Association of School Meals Organisers shows a marked fall in school meals being taken by children since the price increase. But what if the Government next year applies Mrs Thatcher's logic even further by saying that educational spending cannot be increased unless school meals and milk are abolished entirely? Of course it is impossible to argue for the kind of priority education as a whole needs within the context of a stagnating economy. If more evidence is required to prove the case for a resumption of economic growth, it is the competing needs for increased expenditure of all aspects of education.

## Mr Mintoff's Malteaser

Like most new governments Mr Dom Mintoff's Administration in Malta is anxious to distance itself from its predecessor. The difficulty is that in a country as small and poor as his the room for manoeuvre is very slight. Malta has no natural resources except its geography. Its strategic situation and its dockyard, are all that the rich outside world is interested in. Tourism has some potential, although even that has not been doing so well lately. The North African coast is fast providing the extra beach space which the glutted northern coasts of the Mediterranean can no longer offer.

Small wonder then that Mr Mintoff's expected flurry of activity is confined so far to shuffling a few top jobs. Out goes the old police chief, and some ambassadors. Out goes the Governor-General, Sir Maurice Dorman, to make way for a Maltese. Does this mean Malta is going to become a republic? Mr Mintoff is not saying. If the island did, it might earn a few philatelic pickings, and in exchange lose some British tourists—a finely-balanced but hardly momentous dilemma. The other apparent gesture by Mr Mintoff—

the request that the NATO naval commander, Admiral Birindelli, should not return to Malta—has all the air of a long-standing score that had to be paid off. Nevertheless, it is clear that the new Prime Minister is determined to get more money for the base facilities on the island. The talks with Britain will be difficult ones.

Malta's best immediate hope for golden eggs is the dockyard. Understandably, Mr Mintoff wants to get the best from this that he can. Instead of tying his hands like Dr Olivier before him, the new man has decided that an auction is more likely to fetch him a higher price. In the election campaign he excluded the Russians, the Americans, and the Italians as alternative tenants to the British. This leaves the French or the oil-rich but not conspicuously extravagant Libyans—or the British. A little whiff of neutralism, and a few cultivated scares about Russian interest in the island could help to ensure that Whitehall pays a higher rent for its next lease. That is probably all that Mr Mintoff is up to, and all that he can do.

## A COUNTRY DIARY

MACHYNLETH: This is the week when I end my woodland walks. I love the wood until, quite suddenly in late June, it becomes dark green and weighed down with leaves and rather silent. The cuckoo has called for the last time and gone. And what birds remain are family parties squeaking remotely in the tree tops and very hard to see. So now I take to the fields where the meadow browns are just beginning to fly. Along the hedge a scarlet tiger moth catches the sun on its brilliant wings. Puss moth and eyed-hawk caterpillars are chewing madly at willow leaves along the railway bank. They almost grow as you watch them. A sparrow hawk flies across the fields and straight into the larches, carrying food in her talons. On the hill, right up in the heather zone, woodpeckers are seeking ants among the rocks: for even woodpeckers get weary of woods at this season. If I go out to the estuary I find that there too the world has changed this week. The heronry, a compact little city of birds these four months past, is now a dissolving community. Young herons are scattering all over the saltings and soon every nest will be empty. The brilliance has faded off the plumage of drake mergansers and now a female floats downstream leading the year's first duckling brood. So summer is really here. And it looks like rain.

WILLIAM CONDRY.

"We get men into the House now who are clever and all that sort of thing and who force their way up, but who can't be made to understand that everybody should not want to be Prime Minister."

THAT IS NO Lord Shinwell's icy judgment on Parliament's new generation. Nor is it faint Salisbury praise, damning the young Tories who entered the House of Commons in the early 'fifties. It is Mr Barrington Erle, the "good party man" of Trollope's six political novels. In 1874 those "views had been familiar for the last 40 years." No doubt in another 40 today's thrusting young men will preach the virtues of humility to their successors. For Trollope has captured the timeless trivia of politics more than any other English writer.

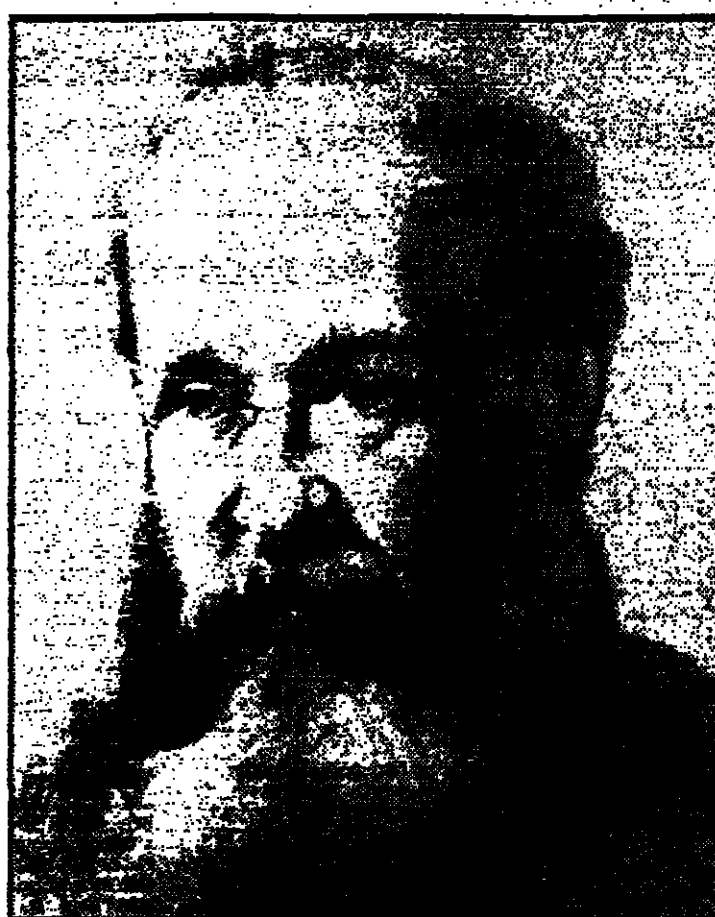
Phineas Finn, the Irish Member; Mr Bonteen; Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium and Prime Minister of England, are divided from the modern Member of Parliament by 100 years of social revolution. Yet to the credit of Trollope (or perhaps to the discredit of Parliament) much of what was said about them then could be said about them now.

### An orator

Parliament's procedures have changed over the last 100 years, but the essential characteristics abide. Mr Turnbull, who always caught the Speaker's eye, and, being an orator, was "not called upon either to study detail or to master... facts" could easily find a place in the Parliament of 1970. It is still possible that "the most unpopular man in the House may make himself liked by owning freely that he has done something that he ought to be ashamed of." The uninitiated are still surprised to discover that "despite his assumed fury the gentleman was not irate. He intended to communicate that look of anger to the newspapers... and knew from experience that he could succeed in that."

It is these glimpses of real political attitudes—assiduously collected in the public gallery of the House of Commons and during Reform Club conversations—that bring Trollope nearer than any other English writer to the creation of a credible political novel. Often his judgment about politics and politicians is wrong. But that is unimportant. His errors are the errors real people made about real politicians 100 years ago—and are still making today.

Aspirants to office succeed, young Phineas Finn was told "by making themselves uncommonly unpleasant to those in power, thus being taken to the Treasury bench, not that they may hit others, but that they may cease to hit those who are there." Two books and six years later Lord Brentford says the same. "Most men rise now by making themselves thoroughly disagreeable." In the real world it was no more true than it is now when Mr Enoch Powell sits on



TROLLOPE: Nearer than any other English writer to the creation of a credible political novel

After Forsyte, the Guardian disclosed a few days ago, comes a BBC TV serialisation in 20 episodes of Anthony Trollope's political novels. Here ROY HATTERSLEY, MP, shows how Trollope captured the essentially timeless trivia of political life.

## Ministering Angles

the back benches to prove Lord Brentford wrong. But it is not a difference between fact and fiction. The difference is between what happens and what is popularly supposed to happen. Even 100 years ago it was widely believed that politics had deteriorated and politicians fallen from grace.

St Paul's Magazine contained the first instalment of "Phineas Finn" in the year of the second Great Reform Bill. "Phineas Redux" was published in 1874 as Mr Gladstone's first Administration fell. "The Prime Minister" was planned while Disraeli was buying shares in the Suez Canal.

This is now said to be the golden age of English politics. Yet in these three novels Trollope wrote "loyalty in politics was simply devotion to the side which a man... cannot leave without danger to himself"; "there is nothing of loyalty left in politics" and "had some unscrutable decree of fate ordained... that no candidate could be returned to Parliament who would not assert the earth to be triangular, then would arise

immediately a clamorous assertion of triangularity amongst political candidates."

And these are not presented as the deviant views of some dispossessed and disenchanted Adullamite. They are offered as the opinions of Liberal elder statesmen, ambitious Government Whips and the Prime Minister himself. They are clearly Trollope's own beliefs—beliefs common in England even when giants canvassed the land. A great political novel would reveal the truth about politics rather than repeat the common prejudice, but that is not within Trollope's power. What he had seen he could report brilliantly. But his understanding came from observation not participation, and in politics the onlooker misses the best part of the game.

### Great issues

Politics is about issues, and they are the one thing that political fiction cannot provide. Even in those of the novels which are genuinely concerned with politics the great issues of the time make only fleeting appearances. Ireland is men-

tioned in passing. Woman's suffrage appears as anathema to elderly peers and the pre-occupation of "progressive" young women. The disestablishment of the Church—the whole Anglican Communion, not just the Church of Ireland—dominates parts of "Phineas Redux," but by then Trollope has turned unashamedly from fiction to a caricature of fact. Mr Daubeny is Disraeli—"by many accounted a statesman, whereas to me, he has always been a political Cagliostro." And when we begin to believe in Disraeli, Daubeny becomes incredible. We know it was Disraeli who hung on to office for six months after his majority had gone, sustained only by moral flexibility and verbal flare. We know too that after Disraeli's eventual defeat, the new President of the Board of Trade was not murdered by a bigamous Armenian Jew turned Christian clergyman. That happened in Daubeny's world. When the issues are real, the characters are not. When the characters are made to live, there are no real issues in their political lives.

The illusion of political reality is easy to create for an author who leans so long over the Stranger's Gallery railing. At the height of his glory, Phineas Finn, First Lord of the Admiralty, went to sea in the Admiralty Board yacht as no doubt did Mr Childers, the First Lord in Mr Gladstone's Government. For a moment it is all real. For the silver from that yacht still stands in the office of the Minister of Defence. But real First Lords—as well as arguing about the cost of new ships, a perpetual preoccupation of Navy Ministers—in which Finn takes part—were bombarding Alexandria, or changing the fleet from sail to steam. These are things that Phineas Finn can never be allowed to do. Even the Duke of Omnium must live through seven Parliaments and 6,000 pages fired only by a patrician vocation to public service and a devotion to his Decennial Currency Bill. The great issues we know belong to real Prime Ministers. The Duke must govern without a programme.

### The glimpses

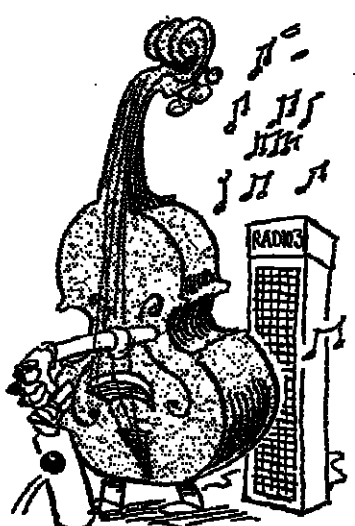
So we are left with the glimpses. The obsessive pursuit of office is there, even in the apparently detached Duke of Omnium who, having become Chancellor of the Exchequer "could afford to put up with the small everyday calamity of having a wife who loved another man better than she loved him." So is that very special sort of journalist who says now as he did then "if it is true I have every right to publish it. If it is not true I have the right to ask the question."

Today neither the professional ethics of one, nor the personal sorrow of the other would be thought the stuff of which popular novels are made. Politicians were no more admired 100 years ago than they are today, but they did seem a good deal more romantic. Trollope is now left to those who love Parliament and who spend their lives there—and expect to feel in their retirement the emotions that the Duke and Duchess of Omnium felt in theirs. "They sighed to be back amongst the trumpets. They had suffered much amongst the trumpets, yet they longed to return."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Minorities in harmony

Sir,—The annual cricket v. music competition on Radio 3 takes place because they both appeal to minorities, a comparatively small one for music and a larger one for cricket. If, as Mr Calman suggested in his letter of June 23, the Test Match commentators went out on Radio 1 or 2, they would appreciably reduce the number of



people who listen to those networks. On the other hand, the commentators appreciably increase the audience for Radio 3.

In fairness it should be remembered that the Test Match commentators were carried on Radio 3 before the Music Programme came into existence. It is worth bearing in mind, too, that since Saturday afternoon sport was transferred to Radio 2 in April 1970 more than 250 hours of extra music a year have been provided on Radio 3.—Yours faithfully,

Howard Newby,  
Controller, Radio 3,  
Broadcasting House,  
London W1.

### Testing out opinion

Sir,—It is difficult for the electors to make their voice heard during the five years between elections, and they have not been able to express any opinion on the vital issue of joining the Common Market.

The cleavage of opinion on this subject does not coincide with party divisions, so that party politics do not provide any means of expression. Nevertheless, the only lawful means of expression open to the citizen is through the electoral system.

It is natural that the Government does not wish to consult the opinion of the electors by means either of an election or of a referendum, because either of these methods would undermine its responsibility to carry on the government of the country. There is, however, another way by which the electors can express their opinion through the ballot box, after receiving full information with the opportunity of free discussion.

### EEC: The vital question of terms

Sir,—So, according to your editorial of this morning "it is difficult to see how any MP who is not incorrigibly opposed to British entry (of the Common Market) can make the likely final terms an excuse for voting against."

Is it? What precisely are the terms? Does the MP know them? Do you? If so, are they so good that you can correct the errors of his ways and see he has no further excuse for opposing entry?

It seems to me that we are being bounced by many of the news media into a position

where any of us who do question, let alone oppose the value on balance of entry will shortly be regarded as traitors or traitors. An ditch before the terms are announced!

I do not know the terms either, but if my views should be finally in favour of opposition, I suppose I shall have—God help me—to fall back on the Daily Express for support—since the "Guardian" seems already to have made up its mind.—Yours faithfully,

(Rev.) H. G. Southcombe,  
The School House,  
Congresbury,  
Bristol, BS19 6DX.

Some half dozen byelections taking place at the same time, and fought entirely on the issue of the Common Market would give a fair cross section of public opinion on this one subject. This would guide the Members of Parliament in making their decision about joining the Common Market, without disturbing the responsibility of the government, or influencing its policy in other matters.—Yours sincerely,

S. S. Hurrell,  
24 Alexandra Mansions,  
West End Lane,  
NW 1.

### Comprehensive plans "thwarted"

Sir,—We wish to protest in the strongest terms against the decision of the Secretary of State for Education and Science in thwarting the plans of the London Borough of Barnet to introduce comprehensive education throughout the borough. Prevented by an enlightened council from dismissing the scheme out of hand, she has now attempted to mutilate it by discriminating against two schools for reasons which appear insufficient to us. And we believe that the Secretary for State has shown a callous disregard for both the feelings and the futures of our pupils.

In your news item printed on June 23, you mentioned that the Secretary of State feels that £100,000 should be spent on improving the facilities of Whitefield B.I. School before she will be prepared to grant it the status of Sixth form entry comprehensive. This is strange to us, because many years past we have been a sixth form entry comprehensive in all but name, and have remarkably success with pupils who failed to be selected for grammar school education. Mrs Thatcher is doubtless prepared to allow us to continue as a sixth form entry school, and to undertake all the courses that we have undertaken in the past while denying us the same status as other schools in the Borough.

The logic of this decision slides us since it appears to be a retrograde step educationally, and to show on the part of the Secretary of State a lack of understanding of the repercussions that her action will produce.—Yours faithfully,

E. H. Wills and 45 other members of the teaching staff  
Whitefield B.I. School,  
Claremont Road,  
London NW2.

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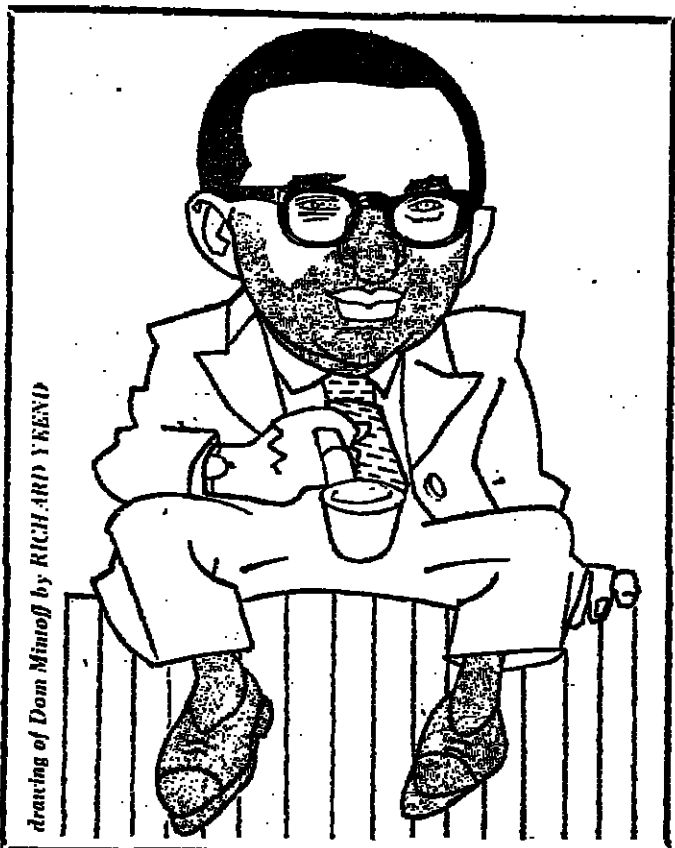
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JOHN CUNNINGHAM, Valletta, Friday, on the man who makes the Maltese happy

## Dom's daring dynamite



NOBODY in Malta today seemed sure if NATO had lost its admirer, who was rumoured to have been ordered off the island by the Prime Minister. But there were lots of sunny voices to testify that after only one full week in office, the newly minted Mintoff is just the stuff needed to make Malta Maltese again.

Rumour is rife in Malta since Dom Mintoff won the general election, and the word went today that the Admiral, Gino Brindelli had been declared persona non grata as part of the Government's campaign to make NATO — and Britain — pay more for the facilities they use.

Getting an admiral chucked out would top a best trick, for the Government, led by Sir Maurice Dorman and the Chief of Police, Mr Vivian de Gray, have been forced to resign. Also, Swan Hunter were told on Tuesday that their contract to manage the dry docks, the island's biggest employer, would not be renewed after August.

But if the British have got sore bottoms and red faces the Maltese aren't rocked by laughter at the expense of the plight of their former masters. Even Mr Mintoff isn't bowing to an appreciative crowd in front of the Grand Harbour. Instead he has retreated, especially from the press to his official residence, the Auberge d'Aragon.

The only sign of Mintoff to be seen right now stares down from election posters stuck on honey-coloured stone walls. Pipe smoking, cool, and inscrutable. Like Harold. But there the simi-

larity ends. The best way to melt a Prime Minister in Malta is probably to make him wear a Gannex.

Gannexes are about the only bit of Britain that nostalgic expatriates haven't managed to import. They have, however, changed the island's allegiance from St Paul to St Michael — there is a miniature Marks and Sparks. Britons, as the "Daily Express" would call them, here are a dwindling colony. But they live in surroundings sculpted in sunshine, and back in the security of income tax at 6d in the pound (Malta hasn't gone decimal on incomes over £1,400. And there is Chivers still for tea).

Malta was set fair on its course from naval base to tax haven, patronised by those with colonial longings, when a drop in the tourist boom led to a reappraisal of its future. All the Maltese, with the exception of a few churlish taxi-drivers, seem disinclined to disturb the scene but tatty British air. However, Mintoff has inherited a national debt of £43 millions and is straight-forwardly offering the harbour facilities to the highest bidder, but with the most important proviso, that Britain still for refusal.

He is pledged to creating a more Maltese Malta. And sign of the times, the British are now being called settlers rather than residents. The bogy that some diplomats have been scaring themselves with is that as Russia is currently making naval expansion a prime strategy, access to Malta would extend dramatically her activities in the Mediterranean. Thinking about that in the dining-room of the Phoenix Hotel,

where the diners were young about the same time as Richard Tauber, and the band still plays his songs, is like disbelieving in eternity.

But eternity in Malta, the way NATO sees it, could be short. It goes unsaid that Grand Harbour is big enough to accommodate six Russian warships and there are enough anchorages around for a fleet of destroyers. And NATO, whose presence is based on an agreement made with Dr Borg Olivier, the previous nationalist Premier, is said to have made contingency plans for moving out if Mr Mintoff's hawks start to rise. The new base could be Rome or, more probably, Naples.

Mintoff has made plain his dislike of NATO and of the idea of any long-term bases being established by Italy, Russia, or the United States. A key passage in his election manifesto says, "Above all, we want to ensure that whoever gets these facilities will not automatically pass them on to someone else."

Quite simply Mintoff feels that Britain and NATO are getting Malta cheap. Within a few days of taking office, it is learned here, he had approached the British Government asking for a revision of the defence and financial arrangements which run until 1974 under which Malta receives £51 millions over 10 years. It seems that the price to NATO countries whose ships call here will be increased also.

The diplomatic dealing starts against the background of the visit next month of the Russian Ambassador, Mr Smirnovsky will probably ask to set up a legation here. There is also

speculation that if Britain does not pay up, Libya, with whom Malta has a favourable balance of payments, might be willing to do so. Libyan tankers have been good customers of the dockyard for some time.

The yard itself has long been wracked by labour disputes and Swan Hunter were probably glad to be told that they could continue only as consultants. The new arrangements, which Mr Mintoff announced personally to the workers, are that the Government and the General Workers' Union should each take half shares in the enterprise. This dose of nationalisation seems to have healed overnight both the work-to-rule and the ban on overtime.

The Nationalists, defeated by only one seat are however as unhappy as can be. If you ring Dr Borg Olivier early in the morning — and Malta gets up disgustingly early — you will be told that he is sleeping and will not get up until 10 a.m. However, other members of his party are keeping a keen eye on Mr Mintoff's credibility, which they expect will crack even before Parliament is recalled.

And although Mintoff's relations with one of the island's powerhouses, the Holy Mother Church, are said to have improved to the extent that Catholics were not advised to vote against him this time, it remains to be seen if John Bull will continue as father rather than while. Malta, sunbaked, outside and cool as an earthenware jar within, waits for its Prime Minister to break his silence. Hopefully, he may do this at a Labour Party rally on Sunday.

# Polar Express!

## JAL flies over the Pole from London to Japan four times a week.

Every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday Japan Air Lines flies the fast route to Tokyo — direct over the Pole from London to Japan.

In fact, 1971 is something of an anniversary; JAL's Polar route is now ten years old. And with a decade of experience behind them JAL are very practised at making your flight a memorable experience. So much so that more people fly JAL to Tokyo than any other airline.

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## MISCELLANY

### Mileage ingredient

IS H. WILSON still cleaving to New Zealand as a way out of the Common Market maze? The Labour leader apparently is less convinced than Geoffrey Rippon by Jack Marshall's benediction on the Luxembourg terms. But that is not the only sign.

Charles Morris, the Labour MP for Openshaw, has tipped off to the Antipodes. He is the only MP sponsored by the Union of Post Office Workers, and ostensibly he has gone on union business. But he is also one of Harold's devoted Parliamentary Private Secretaries (an anti-Marketeer to boot, though not as strictly so as his brother Alf).

A little liaison work with the Australian and New Zealand Labour Parties would hardly come amiss. The Australians are all against British entry, even if they have left their protests a bit late. Norman Kirk, the New Zealand Labour leader who was in London last month, is sure to make as much mileage out of the dairy deal as he can. He is only four votes short of the Premiership in the New Zealand Parliament. Grist yet for Harold's mill.

### Team spirit

A dash of all-party unity in this most disunited of political weeks. Ten MPs—Conservative and Labour, Old Blues, ex-Army, or just Welshmen—have sent a cable to New Zealand wishing the British Lions godspeed in today's first rugby test.

They include Eric Bullus, who lists 15 years with Headingley in his "Who's Who" entry; Hector Monro, who had nearly as long as a member of the Scottish Rugby Union; J. P. W. Mallalieu, who played for Oxford but boasts of watching Huddersfield Town; and Fred Evans, who played headmaster to John Dawes, the Lions captain.

All are rooting for the British Isles. The Tories at least were hoping last night that win or lose, the All Blacks might be a touch less brutal than Canterbury a week ago. More beef, less milk equivalent.

### Show trial



MORTIMER: defensive

AS WELL AS the predictable assembly of long-haired wonderers, the Oz trial at the Old Bailey has attracted a fair number of trendies; and others, who mostly sit in rapt attention in the body of the court. Maurice Haxton, the film director ("Eisenstein and Rose the Ammunition"), has been there all week. Likewise, Clive Goodwin, literary agent and film producer, with Tony Palmer, underground pundit extraordinary.

Michael White, theatre pro-

ducer ("Oh! Calcutta!"), Tony Richardson, and Alec Guinness have also looked in. Guinness is appearing in August in the leading rôle of a play by John Mortimer—who appears with his QC's wig on, as defence counsel in the case.

Mortimer's play is "Voyage Round my Father," which has already been seen at the Greenwich Theatre. It will be going to the Haymarket, in a revised version. Mortimer the author also has five film scripts in the pipeline. Final touches may have to wait a bit. Next week Mortimer QC moves on to the defence of the publishers of the "Little Red School Book."

● LORD SOPER, the most famous Methodist of them all, dog collared, black surpliced, was refused entry yesterday to the opening session of the Methodist Conference at Harrogate. He had forgotten his ticket, and the unfortunate steward barred the door. "Shall I tell you who I am?" inquired the lord. "It might help," said the steward. "I'm Lord Soper." Blushes all round. "You'd better come in then."

### Roof rack

POOR Michael Fidler, the Tory MP for Bury and Radcliffe, is being steadily assailed from all sides. He is also president of the Board of Deputies of British Jews and for the past 12 months he has been under fierce attack from progressive Jews for not doing enough to get recognition for their congregations.

Now the militant Orthodox Jews after him as well, this time over voting for the Immigration Bill. Fidler was on the Committee, and spoke in favour of the Bill in the Commons last week. When he argued his case at the Board of Deputies last Sunday there were cries of "shame" and "resign." Now Marcus Sholomovitz, a deputy from Salford who is just about as Orthodox as they come, has sent notice of censure calling on Fidler to resign.

Fidler is playing it cool. "I don't see any conflict at all," he said yesterday. But one progressive deputy said: "He'll have to fight this one hard." He'll probably win, but it will take all his knowledge of the corridors of power.

● TED HEATH, arriving at the Palace Lido on the Isle of Man for the local government officers' conference, was escorted to the ladies' loo, to wash his hands. When it was reopened later to the (female) public, a woman delegate from the GLC dashed in, to grab the soap as a memento of the great man.

### Uncontrolled

THE FAMILY Planning Association planned a piece of research on the effectiveness of various contraceptives, and sought a group of "experienced women" and a like number of "inexperienced women." But (in the words of Caspar Brook, the director) the project had to be abandoned because "we were unable to find a meaningful number of virgins."

● A WELCOME return of the Czech joke. The Government of Czechoslovakia received a telegram from the Kremlin: "Request St Vitus Cathedral be renamed St. Leonid's Cathedral." Prague replied: "We know no saint of that name." Second telegram from Moscow: "Never heard of Leonid Brezhnev, general secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union?" Reply from Prague: "Renaming agreed. Send retalias soonest."

WHEN you gave up smoking," confessed a top medic in ASH, the Royal College of Physicians' anti-smoking campaign, "all the withdrawal symptoms eventually disappear except one—priggishness."

He was recognising one element in outside reaction to a one-day conference which ASH held in London yesterday to plan tactics for reaching the young. Only one of the 140 teacher and local council delegates was seen smoking. A show of hands confirmed that most had reformed.

After a morning listening to them, a fellow journalist, who stopped smoking 10 days ago because of a frightening throat infection, said: "They're all so bloody smug and not one of them is saying anything that would help anyone stop."

And a schoolboy, one of a panel invited to communicate young attitudes, told ASH: "I think I'll stop at night, but the first thing I do next morning is grab a cigarette. There are lots of people like me who try to give up and are getting no help at all."

ASH does not offer this kind of help, because it despairs of anyone discovering a nicotine withdrawal drug as effective as methadone for

JOHN EZARD on a knockdown for the anti-smoking campaign

## Making a hash of ash

heroin. It confines itself to health education. But even on that count this organisation, which is trying to offset on a shoestring three Governments' neglect of the two Royal College reports, was faulted yesterday for being out of touch.

The centrepiece of the afternoon was a propaganda tape which ASH may send to schools. Although made by a television producer who called himself "the eldest hippie in the business," it was butchered by most of younger panellists and delegates.

It quoted Cliff Richard, Peter Osgood and Tony Blackburn as eminent non-smokers. "I would rather save the money and have the Jaguar I've got now," said Blackburn, "I think I'll stop at night, but the first thing I do next morning is grab a cigarette. There are lots of people like me who try to give up and are getting no help at all."

A delegate said: "Cliff Richard is a non-sequitur for anyone under 25. Programmes of this kind are always made by middle-aged people. The

professionals who make the tobacco advertisements will always win."

The conference produced one new medical fact. Dr Clifford Kay of Manchester, recorder of the Royal College of Practitioners study of oral contraception, has found an unusually high smoking rate among 46,000 pill users. He speculated that women willing to risk the pill were also the kind willing to risk tobacco.

Otherwise, Professor Neville Butler, the Bristol child health expert, recapitulated the evidence of his massive study which suggests that women, especially poorer women, who smoke in pregnancy run a high risk of losing their babies, or producing lighter children.

Lady Summerskill, offering a strategy against the "malicious, wicked advertisers" appeal to teenagers, advised ASH to stress that: "There is nothing so unattractive as being made love to by an individual who smells, has a moist cough, is always fiddling with something and lacks confidence."

Specimen posters by Ealing Technical College students were more obsessed with skulls, lung charts and brimming ash trays. "Don't plan ahead if you smoke," the punchiest, counselled a young couple poring over house sketches.

Dr Charles Fletcher, ASH chairman, accused the Government of shunning a differential tax on cigarette and pipe tobacco because of the "myth" of protecting its £1,000 millions revenue, which would in fact be spent in other taxable ways if smoking was curbed. "It is being obstructed by civil servants in the Treasury because they don't like work," he said.

But, after all the exhortation and statistics, ASH was still without the small Government grant it applied for months ago—and a girl panellist could defy the evangelistic adults by saying: "It's enjoyable, it's something to do and it's non-fattening." She is only on 10 a day now but she represents a force which scares ASH more than all the figures put together.



Mrs Gandhi with refugees near the West Bengal border

SIMON WINCHESTER, New Delhi, Friday, on Mrs Gandhi's first 100 days with a workable majority

## India's laws of disorder

years, lie in the rancid political climate in India at the time of Mr Shastri's inopportune death five years ago. The Congress Party then, and even during the closing years of Mr Nehru's reign, was becoming stifled with age, introversion, and corruption. A victim of chronic ideological arterial hardening.

The agonies of the party were well displayed in the bitter fighting for a successor to Mr Shastri, the fighting that eventually led to the assumption of Mrs Gandhi, a little known compromise candidate, to the senior post. Looked on today, that battle was the beginning of the end of the old guard of the Congress—the "syndicate" as it came to be known, led by Murari Desai, the Rab Butler of Indian politics.

For two years Mrs Gandhi had to be content to watch her country drift with only a minimum of parliamentary direction. Legislation was a matter for the benevolence of the minority parties to allow. Socialising measures were tripped up by an alliance of the right wing—the Swatantra and the Jana Sangh—with Desai's Legion: measures intended for the preservation of security, like today's Bill, were threatened and demolished by the Communists with, from time to time, numerical support from Desai, who jumped on a bewildering variety of bandwagons in an

effort to destroy Mrs Gandhi's political credibility.

In fact, of course, he did just the reverse. Campaigning this winter on the emotive slogan "Garibi Hatao" (abolish poverty), and pledging a return to more vital and honest politics, Mrs Gandhi was returned in February with a majority again, and one such as clearly neither she nor her supporters had expected.

But during her hundred days with an enviable popular mandate Mrs Gandhi has been able to do very little indeed. Certainly the success of her Security Bill is a measure of her new ability to introduce major legislative changes with little parliamentary difficulty. Her next plan, too, to remove the traditional privileges from India's 279 princes, will doubtless pass through both Houses with little trouble.

But her critics see both these measures as bearing little relation to her election promises. A prominent member of Jana Sangh, Mr Swaminada (and as the Maharajah of Gwalior, one of the Government's intended victims under the as yet unpublished Privy Purses Bill) see the attack on the princes as "a sop to Socialist dogma, but meaningless in real terms."

After privy parses, Mrs Gandhi hopes to go further still with a major change in the constitutional clause that makes it a fundamental right,

in India, to own property. If she can manage to persuade not only both Houses, but also the Supreme Court, to accept this measure, it will pave the way for the introduction of some swinging Socialist policies of land reform and urban property reform.

But this, like the Privy Purses Bill, is now, all of a sudden, a long way off. One doesn't have to search far for the reason for the delay, and indeed, the reason for an apparently limited degree of legislative success in the new Government: it is of course, Bangla Desh.

Mrs Gandhi's new administration may be 100 days old, but it is 93 days since Yahya Khan's army swept through the streets of Dhaka and Chittagong. And less than three months since the stream of refugees began. Mrs Gandhi never had a chance. A single week of uninterrupted leisure and then the crisis broke. She has done brilliantly, considering the pressures she has been under," he said today. "Now she has the mandate, all she needs is stability."

A member of Swatantra, and a natural opponent of Mrs Gandhi's egalitarianism, looks on the Bangla Desh problem as having provided her with a fortuitous excuse for inaction. "Her promises to the common man have already proved meaningless," he said. "The Budget raised the price of bread and soap, among other things. This hardly fits in with her policy of 'Garibi Hatao'—it just points out the basic dishonesty of the Congress Party."

common man is going to have. The fact remains that she is to suffer still more if India is to maintain her admirable humanitarian concern for the East Bengal refugees. Mrs Gandhi's own estimate puts the sum needed during the next six months for looking after the expatriates at 1,800 million rupees (though her Budget only provided 600 millions). "We shall have to go through hell," she remarked recently.

While she faces the prospect of almost her entire political platform having to take second place to a problem she has inherited simply because of geography and the tyranny of her western neighbour, it must be comforting for her to know she has a large and loyal body of support in Parliament. At least she is very firmly in control.



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## FAMILY FINANCE

Paying for bank advice  
Savings interest rates

## Getting the best rate of interest on your savings

By ANDREW DAVENPORT

THE TOTTERING structure of the purchase controls finally broke down irrevocably in its recent form last Monday when several leading finance houses relaxed their terms for personal loans on a wide range of consumer goods.

The finance houses were simply anticipating the inevitable result when the Bank of England and the Treasury implemented the new proposals for control of credit.

However while all the discussion has been centred on the effect of the new proposals on the consumer who uses his goods on HP or with personal loans, very little has been said on how they will affect people who deposit their savings with a bank or finance company.

One of the major items of the proposals is that the clearing banks should abandon their agreement whereby they pay more than 2 per cent under bank rate on deposit accounts. The illegality of this present agreement is that savers who use their money in an ordinary bank deposit account will get only 4 per cent interest the moment while if they vest their savings in one of the bank's finance house subsidiary's they will earn substantially more.

Each of the four major clearing banks has an important finance house subsidiary or associate. National Westminster's Lombard and North Central Finance, Lloyds owns a major stake in Lloyds and Scottish, Forward Trust is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Midland, and Barclays have a substantial stake in United Nations Trust.

Lower charge

For example if a customer places his money on deposit with National Westminster it will earn just 4 per cent a year. However if that same customer places his money in Natwest's subsidiary, Lombard, he will earn 7 per cent if he leaves it there for six months.

Obviously it is in the overall interest of the Natwest group at its customers place their savings in the bank's ordinary deposit account since the group's total finance charges will be lower.

It can always renege this "cheap" money to its HP subsidiary but if all its customers deposited their savings directly in Lombard, the group would have to pay a much higher interest bill.

This is fine for the banks and their major HP subsidiaries will make handsome profits for long as it is the banks' interest to appear to be getting the best of both worlds at the moment.

Traditionally the way to your bank manager's heart was to place money in a deposit account and if you then ran out of cash he would return it to you by giving you an overdraft.

The banks, however, have now informed their branch managers that wherever possible they must replace personal overdrafts with personal loans which carry a much higher rate of interest.

Bankers claim that the great advantage of placing your money on a straightforward 4 per cent deposit account is that it is both extremely convenient and, unless it is an exceptionally large sum, when seven days' notice may be required, you can get out your money immediately.

However in practice the same argument can be applied to the finance houses because unless you specifically place your money on "time" deposits, most of them will release your funds on demand—although the rate of interest will depend on how long you have left your money on their account.

So in terms of deposits you can virtually use your finance

house in the same way as you use a bank.

United Nations Trust, for example, offers interest rates at 7½ per cent for six months' money, 7 per cent for three months, and 4 per cent for one month. So if you took your money out after just one month it would still earn the same amount of interest as if it had been left on deposit in your bank. While if you left your money with UDT any longer it would earn substantially higher rates.

Lombard offers 7 per cent for six months, 6 per cent for three months, and 5½ per cent for one month. Lloyds and Scottish offers 7 per cent for nine months, 6½ per cent for six months, 6 per cent for three months, 5½ per cent for two months, and 5 per cent for one month.

Investors will usually earn the best rates for their money if they place it on "time" deposit. This means that the saver lends his money to the finance house for a specific length of time at a special rate usually by negotiation.

If he needs the money desperately before his contract is completed legally the finance house does not have to give him his money back. However it would not be normal to enforce this in respect of personal savings.

Although the banks' finance house subsidiaries offer substantially higher interest rates than can be earned with an ordinary bank deposit account, savers can still get a better rate with the independent companies.

For example, Forward Trust, the Midland Bank's HP company, pays interest at only 6 per cent for six months but the Rodge Group offer depositors interest at 9 per cent for 11 months and 8 per cent for six months.

One argument put forward by the banks is that its customers can be absolutely sure that money placed with their finance houses is absolutely secure whereas if people invest with their local HP company so it could get into liquidity trouble.

However, the 1963 Protection of Depositors Act insists that any prospective depositor with a finance house has the right to study the particular company's balance sheet. If you know your way in and out of a balance sheet you can quickly ascertain whether the company is sound.

Other ways

Of course finance houses are not the only way of securing an attractive fixed rate of interest on your savings.

The building societies offer interest at between 8½ per cent and 8½ per cent gross however it is a poor scheme for savers who are not paying the full standard rate of tax since the interest is paid net and the tax is not reclaimable.

The current rate of interest on local authority bonds is around 6½ per cent for one year. Here tax is reclaimable but the disadvantages are that your money is tied up for a specific period and that brokers are not interested in small sums of money.

The best rates are offered by the Government and the latest issue of national savings certificates offers interest at 9½ per cent gross. The disadvantage of that there is a maximum investment of 1,000 £1 shares.

The worst of the lot are Post Office deposits and bank deposits which offer interest at just 5½ per cent and 4 per cent respectively. However the Post Office says that once you have £50 in the ordinary savings account you are entitled to open an investment account which offers interest at a respectable 7½ per cent gross.

## Westbrick makes up for past

A turnaround in the fortunes of Westbrick Products enables the board to announce that the company's profits for the year ended 31st March 1971 were £7.7 million, a 7 per cent increase on the £7.2 million of the previous year. The total dividend is raised to 12 per cent for 1970-1 against 9 per cent for 1969-70 and 15 per cent for the year before that. Pre-tax profit more than doubled from £78,867 to £159,498 in the past year and the dividend is covered 1.2 times.

As anticipated, the need to reduce brick stocks to improve liquidity resulted in a further fall in the profits from this source which, however, was more than offset by improvements in the plastics companies and a recovery in concrete. As to the current year, brick sales now call for a maximum production and this should result in considerably improved profits.

THE TIME has come to get the ball in and out of that bank manager's cupboard. You can't afford him, unless he is paying his keep. Earlier this week a top secret memo from National Westminster Bank headquarters in Lombury to all the bank's 3,500 branch managers was leaked to the press containing what many will be the shattering revelation that a bank manager's time is worth the princely sum of £8 an hour. What is more, top executives of the bank, in the memo, advised managers to charge customers for their time at this rate in certain (not very clearly defined) circumstances.

The bank's memo is going to be a lively topic of conversation in golf clubs up and down the country this weekend. And the arguments could go beyond gentle leg pulling. No doubt one or two of Natwest's customers will recall the leering Count Dracula behind the manager's desk in that amusing, perhaps prophetic, Lloyds Bank advertisement which went on the cinema rounds not so long ago. At £8 an hour even the most polite and modest bank manager can feel a little smug, not to say carousing.

The layman's reactions to the leak of the bank's memo are not difficult to divine. Already two people have told me that they were intending to ask their Natwest manager for a loan and have now decided to go elsewhere. Others point out that if their greengrocer charged them for his advice on whether to buy new potatoes or old ones, and then charged for the goods too, he would be given some very succinct advice.

But there is a danger of getting too emotional, so let's look at the facts of the Natwest circular. The other three of the "big four" clearing banks—Lloyds, Midland and Barclays—admitted yesterday that they

## Can you afford to speak to your bank manager now?

By STEWART FLEMING

top advise their managers to levy additional charges on customers whom they think have been taking up too much of their time. The only difference is that Natwest has gone to the trouble of trying to accurately quantify the cost of a manager's time and been caught out doing it.

In certain circumstances there are set fees for specific financial services which the banks offer. It is common to charge for detailed advice from a bank taxation expert. For looking after your investments Lloyds charge £2.50p per £1,000 managed. However, if you buy your insurance on the bank's advice through a specialist insurance department such as the one at Barclays there will be no charge because the insurance company's commission will cover the bank's costs and profit.

Advance warning

The charges referred to in the Natwest circular, however, are discretionary. Natwest confirmed yesterday that the imposition of charges "on the ordinary chap who comes in for a chat with his manager would be very exceptional." The charge is aimed at the man who takes up a lot of the manager's time in detailed discussions. Human nature being what it is, no doubt the principle will be perverted by the time it seeps

down from head office to the Outer Hebrides.

Another important point is that the Natwest managers have been told to warn customers in advance when a charge is to be made. Natwest has borne the full brunt of the publicity on its new charges scale—but it seems to me that they are being distinctly more straightforward than some of their competitors in this. The others simply knock on a couple of pounds when the six-monthly charges are assessed, so the unfortunate customer may not know, until it is too late, the cost of the service he is being given, or even whether he is being charged at all.

But since charges for advice are being made, and on the "thin end of the wedge" principle, and will no doubt be made more frequently by the newly profit-conscious clearing banks, then the blanket heading "charges" on your half-yearly account is surely inadequate. It needs to be broken down so that a proper comparison can be made of the cost of the service a particular bank is giving.

Argue as you will, the fact remains that next time you walk into your Natwest branch to ask for a loan or advice, you may be charged for it and at the rate of £8 an hour.

Natwest's answer to the charge that a flat rate fee may be charged irrespective of the quality of the service is that it is not just the manager's advice which you are buying. He is able to draw on the expertise at levels right up to head office. The message is clear. By charging specifically for its advisory services the bank has taken on the responsibility of ensuring that the quality of its service is high. It has even laid itself open to a law suit from a dissatisfied customer for negligent advice.

Quality first?

There are those who would say that Natwest has put the cart before the horse here. That it should up the quality of its services before charging for them. But this is a question of judgment, and Natwest obviously believes that this is exactly what it has done.

But isn't £8 an hour expensive? you might ask. Probably not. It includes not only the manager's salary and pension rights but also a proportion of general overheads, and has been determined on the results of a sample survey of a number of branches. It is, moreover, a figure which compares closely with

charges made by other professions.

The Law Society, for example, is now engaged on an extensive investigation to try to quantify more precisely the cost of a solicitor's time for different sorts of work ranging from the mechanical to the sophisticated. Early results of this investigation suggest that even for mechanical work £8 an hour for a solicitor's time is not extortionate.

The Law Society admits however—and one has the feeling that its investigations have been more rigorous than Natwest's—that "job evaluation" (which is what the exercise amounts to) is very difficult. The public as well as the bank can benefit from an imprecise definition of the charges and their application. It leaves the door open to the bank manager's (or the solicitor's) discretion and to bargaining.

Moving away from the specific issues involved there are some general points which Natwest's decision spotlights. In the first place the bank could have increased its revenue by simply charging more for bank loans for example. The point about discretionary charges, however, is that they are much less tangible than say the cost of money, which makes it hard for a customer to say that one bank's services are more expensive than another's.

Coupled with the strong "brand loyalty" most customers show, competition through discretionary charges reduces the risk to the bank of driving customers away. Rather than lose a good customer who is acute enough to have bothered to work out the comparative cost of using one clearing bank and not another, the manager can just eliminate the charge.

But don't be deceived. The time is coming when to get value for money from your banker you will have to shop around. The changes now taking place in retail banking, ranging from the elimination of block discounts, the pressure to make customers use expensive personal loans and credit cards rather than cheaper overdrafts, and now more accurately costed charges for advice, the quality of which is difficult to assess, are changing the character of your bank manager. He's coming out of the cupboard, and into the market. The British have traditionally been rather frightened of their banker, putting him on a pedestal with the vicar and the family doctor, a cut above the moneylender and pawnbroker. But no more. If you are paying do not be afraid to demand service, even if you have to bully him to get it.

## Property bonds

Abbey Prop.	119.0	116.0
City of West. Am.	124.0	121.0
City of West. Prop.	124.0	121.0
City of West. Sec.	124.0	121.0
City of West. T.	124.0	121.0
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